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MORE

OLD

HOUSES

In Westborough, Mass.

205

MORE OLD HOUSES

IN

WESTBOROUGH, MASS.

AND VICINITY

WITH THEIR

OCCUPANTS

THE WESTBOROUGH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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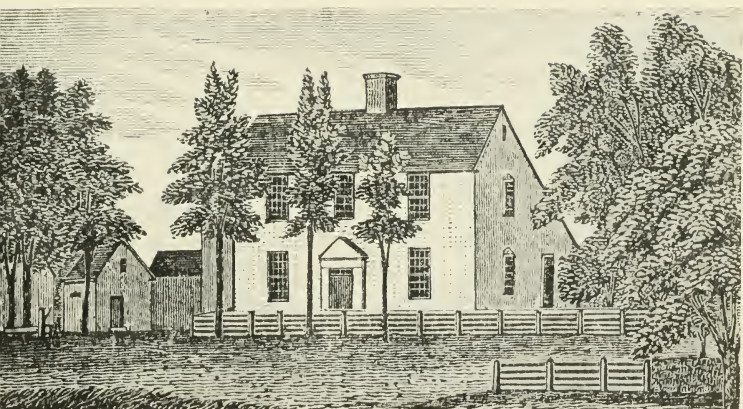
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OCCUPIED 1728.—THE BIRTHPLACE OF ELI WHITNEY.—1765-1825.

The Eli Whitney Birthplace.

The birthplace of Eli Whitney is only a memory. The picture reveals an edifice not unlike scores of others erected a hundred and fifty years ago by the moderate well-to-do in Massachusetts. The front, having two windows and a large door between them in the first story with three windows symmetrically placed in the second and the top of a great central chimney peering above the ridge of the roof, constituted a combination which a hundred years since might have been duplicated scores of times in a day's ride through Worcester and Middlesex counties. The scant cornice, the limited number of windows in the ends of the structure and the rear roof descending almost to the ground indicated not only a somewhat meager purse but schemes of convenience and household economy quite unknown to builders of later days. The trees and the numerous out buildings tell of thrift and some ideas of beauty as well as utility. The shop where the Cotton-gin inventor did his early experimenting, probably does not appear in the cut, unless that portion nearest the West end of the house be the part in question. Though no complete description of the interior, so far as known, is in existence, it doubtless had the usual small hall with doors on each side opening into rooms at the right and left with a winding stairway leading to the chambers

above. Through these first floor rooms, dwellers must pass to the bedrooms and pantry and kitchen which were found in the rear of the house. The second floor was capable of many subdivisions according to the number and needs of the hired help and the children. The great chimney gave promise of at least three, and possibly four fire places in its first story and two or three in the second. The edifice was certainly well ventilated and was built to last indefinitely. Only a lack of paint and the utmost carelessness could cause the decadence of such old time houses. Miss Maria Grout of Westboro remembers the old house and her description of the interior, though the same vanished more than fifty years ago, furnishes the basis of the foregoing verbal picture.

Occupied by at least four generations of people, were it not for its single notable dweller, it is probable the edifice and all that surrounded it would have faded away without a word of comment or of regret from the world at large, just as hundreds of other houses, having had their day and then, grown "eild and sair forfairn", have disappeared, leaving "not a rack behind." Erected in 1728, it stood for one hundred and twenty-six years, for it was not till 1854 it gave place to the more modern house which now occupies the ancient site. There had been

Whitneys many, and for many a year, resident within its walls and anon gazing from its sightly outlook, but only one of the entire number had the necessary prompting to fathom the secrets of what lay beyond the horizon and to grasp success in distant lands. Here Eli Whitney was born, Dec. 8, 1765, not only the most distinguished native of the town, but one of the world famous, one whose deeds rendered him conspicuous both south and north of Mason and Dixon's line. The mansion was not ancient then, scarcely more than well settled in its delightful location, and, in this particular year, we may fancy that Whitney dwellers and neighbor callers were discussing the obnoxious Stamp Act and other tyrannous measures which were leading up to the Revolution.

Back of the house, at the left, yet joining it, was a part which Miss Grout denominates "the older part" and here it is probable that the repairing and other like work of the elder Whitney was done. We are told that from his earliest age the future inventor was fonder of this part of the house than of the living rooms proper. Here he soon learned to use skilfully the limited number of tools that his father had brought together for the rainy day employment, characteristic of the careful New England farmer. When the old mansion was torn down, it is said that this portion, moved a short distance back, became the general utility place for the farm house and if any portion of the original structure is in existence today, it will be found among the ruins of the shop which tumbled down under the weight of snow several winters ago. In September, 1904, when so many people assembled to witness the dedication of the Eli Whitney marker, scores of hero-worshippers

carried away with them bits of these ruins as mementoes of the man whose genius not only prolonged slavery but also suggested the means which ended it.

The kitchen, which was the large room, back of the great chimney, was filled with memories of the subsequent inventor. Here it was that he took to pieces the great English bull's eye watch which, to the mind of the ten-year-old youngster, was the most wonderful bit of mechanism in the entire world. Good folks may differ in their estimate of the fault he was guilty of, in pleading illness as a reason for not going with his parents to meeting on a noteworthy Sunday, but they will surely agree in admiring the curiosity that prompted him to separate the wheels of the timepiece and the skill that enabled him to put each one back in place. The ancient timepiece quietly ticking, as it hung on its accustomed nail, gave no token of its lately disintegrated entrails and, certainly, did not tell of the sudden recovery the youthful Eli experienced when the meeting-going load disappeared down the hillside. In this same kitchen, too, the boy Eli must have worked on his fiddle during the absence of the father. When the latter returned and made inquiries among his children as to what they had been doing while he was away, one of the little folks peached on her older brother saying, "Eli worked all the time on a fiddle." The reproof of the austere father is recorded in these words, "As for Eli, I fear he will have to take out his portion in fiddles". What would not the National Museum of Washington give today for that particular musical instrument were the same obtainable? Far more than all the worldly possessions of that Puritan father, when he came to lay

down life's burdens, would not buy it.

Possibly it was in the room which we would enter from the right of the front hallway, or as it was called the East room, that the new Mrs. Whitney, from the town of Sutton, for we must know that the elder Whitney married twice, displayed some of the items of her marriage outfit, among others, a set of unusually fine table-knives. They excited the admiration of the twelve-year-old Eli and he handled them with ever increasing wonder, still his belief in his own powers prompted his saying that he could make as good a knife himself. The incredulity of Mrs. Julia (Hazeltine) Whitney, openly expressed, was completely overcome a few months later when the loss of one of the precious articles was made good by the lad who had surpassing confidence in himself. What would we give, could we find today one of the stick-pins which Whitney made in the days of the Revolution, that our maternal ancestors might keep in place those seemingly impossible poke-bonnets, doubtless no more exaggerated then than merry-widow hats are in this early part of the twentieth century. Very likely the ancient stepping stone, now the marker of the birthplace, was trodden many a time by fair callers in quest of the product of Eli's genius, thus helping him towards college and getting for themselves a bit of finery so dear to the feminine heart.

We can hardly fancy the making of nails, to which the deft hands of the youth were turned in these early days, as a memory of the house proper, but it could have been no further away than the shop, the theatre of so many of his early experiments. There is no doubt that old buildings in Westboro and neighboring towns are today held

together in part by these iron objects, wrought into shape by our eighteenth century disciple of Tubal-Cain. Certainly this was the house which was home to him during the years of his teaching in the schools of his own and nearby towns. While he "boarded round" during the week, there can be no doubt that on Sundays he placed his knees beneath the home-table and enjoyed the delights of familiar cooking and the pleasures of kindred society. Thence he went to distant Leicester to attain the knowledge, essential to entering Yale College, then so far off; it was a vastly more important matter than a trip to California now.

When he went to college in 1789, he was in his 24th year and his direct connection with the place of his birth ceases, but the same old building stood here during those three years of New Haven life, when he astonished the staid old professors with his marvelous skill in mechanical matters. Even then there were those who thought Eli Whitney was burying his talents when he entered college, one critic saying, "Too bad to lose so much mechanical genius," and, when he was permitted to repair and to restore to usefulness the long unused orrery of Yale, the carpenter from whom he had borrowed some tools said, "A good mechanic was lost when you entered college". The old house didn't know it, but all these four years, the Yale College student was adding to the fame of his birthplace. The distance was too great for him to visit his old home, besides he was long past his majority when he received his diploma and he was ready to accept the first opportunity that offered for lifelong employment.

We see him, the year of his graduation, on his way to Savannah to study

law, and there, even on ship-board, proving his natural genius by the repairs and improvements made in the embroidery frame of the good ladies companions of the voyage. He is a long ways from the Whitney House, when he turns his attention to an improved method of separating cotton fibre from the seed. In the very first year after graduation, he perfects the contrivance which rendered the raising of cotton supremely profitable, indeed in the language of those who grew opulent by its cultivation, Whitney made Cotton, king. Doubtless the tardy mail service of those far away days bore to the quiet dwellers on the hill-top, some story of his tribulations in Georgia, how he had seized upon the simplest of mechanical notions and combining them, had given to the world the Cotton-gin. Very likely there also came to the house, constantly growing older, some complaints of the usage that the world benefactor was receiving at the hands of those whom he had suddenly made rich. However, if the letters came they perished in their own day, and no trace came down to later years.

Not often did the master genius visit his old home, though we may imagine that occasionally, in the intervals of his busy life, he sought the scenes of his boyhood and as of old looked over the waters of the Sudbury and the Assabet, anon to unite in those of the Concord and, possibly, had a new vision of the world and its possibilities in gazing over the vista on which his childish eyes first rested. The Savannah invention gave to American slavery almost a century of prolonged existence and an exaggerated sense of importance to that part of our nation lying south of the surveyors' line. What strange fortune was it that

turned the thoughts of the great genius in his later Connecticut life, into channels which were to make him the inventor and improver in fire-arms whose employment, thirty years after his death, was to end the reign of cotton and slavery and, settling forever the question of State Rights, was to weld into one compact body the states of the Federal Union !

When Whitney died in 1825, his birthplace, the old Whitney House, of Westboro, was hardly one hundred years old, and still occupied by those of the inventor's family, was gaining some of the celebrity that was due its long standing and what it had given the world in the shape of the man, of whom Macaulay had said that his invention of the Cotton-gin had done more for the dominance of America than the genius of Peter the Great had accomplished for Russia. Though only a marker commemorates today the site of the Whitney house, yet hundreds of tourists annually climb the hill to see where the dwelling stood, from the slightly elevation gather inspiration and, at the same time, breath a grateful blessing for the shelter it afforded the infancy and childhood of Eli Whitney.

ALFRED S. ROE.

Worcester, Oct. 21, 1908.

NOTE.—The site of this house included the southwest corner of old Marlborough, where stood a "wight oke," and part of the old Beers' grant south of that point. This grant was laid out in 1692 and was sold by the Beers' heirs to Samuel How and in 1698 to Thomas Rice who owned most of the town south of his homestead near the Rice meadow.

Nathaniel Whitney, the grandfather of the inventor, whose name appears



THE DR. HAWES PLACE

on the monument in the southeast corner of Memorial Cemetery, received from Samuel Hardy, in 1725, 15½ acres in Westborough and 22 acres in Sutton, south of the Fay farm, of which he bought an acre in 1728. In 1729, he bought of Mary, widow of Isaac Shattuck, 12 acres on the east. In 1730, Thomas Rice sold him 3 acres on the south, "part of my farm known by the name of Jack Straw's hill." These tracts constituted the Eli Whitney farm. This Nathaniel was selectman from 1739 to 1742 and in 1751.

In 1765 he deeded to his son Eli, "one half of my home-place where I now live." This Eli, the father of the in-

ventor, was town treasurer in 1778 and selectman during 12 of the years between 1780 and 1800. In 1807 he deeded land to his son Benjamin, to whom, in 1813, his brothers Eli and Josiah and their sister Elizabeth, wife of Elihu Blake, sold their rights in the homestead of some 88 acres. In 1853, Eli Whitney, the nephew of the inventor, sold the estate to Marcus Grout who erected the present house. In 1863 his widow sold to Charles B. Kittredge who in 1867 sold to Eben D. White, Jr. In 1885 the place passed to William H. Johnson, whose widow is the present owner.

S. I. B.

The Doctor Hawes Place.

In 1732, Thomas Forbush deeded to Cornelius Cook, blacksmith, "four acres and fourteen rods of land near Cranberry Pond, with the dwelling house thereon: where said Cook doth now dwell." Five years before Cook had married Mr. Forbush's youngest daughter Eunice. In 1750, Cook deeded this place with house and barn to Abijah Bruce, who shortly after sold it to Jonas Bradish. The latter in 1757 sold it to Jonathan Rolf, and he in 1762 to Benjamin Hills of Grafton. I have the original deed of Hills to James Hawes of Wrentham, physican, dated November thirteenth, 1764, in the fifth year of his majesty's reign, King George the Third. The price named was eighty pounds.

In this house Tom Cook was born in 1738. He was noted for his eccentric ways, taking from the rich and giving to the poor. In Mr. Parkman's Journal, Aug. 27, 1779, 41 years after he had baptized Eunice Cook's baby, in the old Wessonville Church, still keeping an interest in him, he writes, "The notorious Thomas Cook came in (he says) on purpose to see me. I gave him what Admonition, Instruction and caution I could. I beseech God to give it Force! He leaves me with fair words—thankful and promising." He was a great favorite with the children. "His pockets were always filled with toys which he had stolen for their amusement." He was not often detected in his thefts. If he was he gen-

erally found a way of escape. He lived to be over 90. The house still bears the prints of Tom's axe on the front room floor. For further incidents in his life I refer to Mrs. Forbes' book, "The Hundredth Town."

It was in 1648 that Edward Hawes of Wrentham, married Elviry Lambert. Their son Daniel was born in 1652 and married Abigail Gay in 1671. Benjamin, their son, was married in 1696 and in 1724 married Abigail Fisher. Dr. James, the son of the latter, was born in 1739 and married Hannah Thompson in 1762. As early as 1761, he was a practicing physician in Wrentham, his native town. We have several bills of medicine bought by him of Mr. Coppin of Boston, in 1761 and later. He came to Westborough in 1764.

I here quote from Mrs. Forbes' interesting account of Dr. Hawes and the old house as it was at that time.

"It was not until 1764 that a young physician came here to settle, who was destined to have a large influence in town. In a few carefully written notebooks he has left us a slight history of his own professional and legal life, and of the art of medicine as practised in this town one hundred years ago. . . . His house is still standing on the corner of East Main and Lyman streets, with no important alterations except those he made himself. It was a wooden building, painted red; since then it has received a coat of plaster. . . . As first purchased by Dr. Hawes, it consisted of four rooms below, and good chambers on the second floor. There was the parlor, a small square chamber opening out of it (now the front hall); on the other side of the parlor was the hall, opening into the kitchen and the doctor's office, part of the latter forming a projection on the west side of the house. This room is

smaller than in his day, and is used as a passage-way to the wood house beyond. In this room was the tall chest of narrow drawers, each one marked like those of a modern drug-store, the narrow-seated, stiff office-chair, the small scales for weighing out medicine, the iron mortar and pestle for their proper preparation, the few medical books, including one he had laboriously copied out himself from a rare printed copy, and possibly his records as Justice of the Peace. He was born in 1739, being, therefore, twenty-five when he . . . settled here. Dr. Hawes is described by a gentleman over ninety, as being rather tall, plain looking, with his hair standing up straight from his forehead. He was the most prominent citizen of Westborough during many years. As a farmer, physician, and lawyer, he led a busy life. As a Justice of the Peace, all the small law matters came before him. He was no less active in politics; for many years was Town Clerk; during the Revolution was an active home worker, holding, unflinchingly, the very unpopular position of constable for both districts, doing in that line alone the work of two men . . .

"For many years he was deacon of the Congregational church. He was one of the original founders of the Baptist church, which for some time met in his son's parlor, in the farther end of his house. He gave them land in his garden, on the corner of East Main and Lyman streets, for the erection of a church building. Here the First Baptist church was built, and the old stone step still marks the site.

"He lived here nearly fifty [seven] years, all the time in the same house. He died with his 'honors thick upon him' in 1821.

"One of his memorandum-books is

bound in parchment, with a brass clasp. Although his commercial and legal pursuits were so closely connected with his medical life that it was not possible to entirely separate the accounts, yet this small volume is almost wholly devoted to his professional visits, the medicines he furnished, and the charges for both."

Interesting details of bills are to be found in Mrs. Forbes' book.

Among the Doctor's legal papers I found the following items: In 1783, Benjamin Warren appeared before him and complained of himself being guilty of uttering two profane oaths and was fined five shillings. In 1785, Elijah Lunt, proved guilty of stealing, consented "to the punishment and was accordingly whipped five stripes on his naked back by the constable and committed for the cost of the trial."

In 1802, Bezaleel Newton on complaint that he "did unnecessarily in said town travel on the 27th day of December last past, being Sabbath or Lord's day, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and contrary to a law of the same . . . acknowledged the truth of the above said complaint by paying a fine of four dollars."

We find many other papers of interest; one memorandum of 173 pages containing 108 marriages performed by himself, many of them, if not all, at the old house, between the years 1782 and 1815. Also, some over 100 printed summons to meet at "my dwelling house." Much of the court business of the town was done in this house. He settled estates, among them Mr. Stephen Maynard's, for whom he had done much business. Another book of 181 pages contains many familiar names that we often heard in our childhood, mostly of his profes-

sional visits and some business matters. One deed of land was in the 12th year of George the 3rd. King, 1772, and another in 1788 in the 12th year of Independence of U. S. of America. One paper appointed Eli Whitney, student of Yale College, his lawful attorney to aid him in some business matters. We have his appointment as Justice of the Peace in the County of Worcester, at Boston, May 7, 1782, by his excellency's command, John Hancock.

Many orders were given to him to collect pay for the school teachers, who boarded with the different families in the district. The poor were looked after and their bills for board collected. There is an account of two pews struck off to him in 1793, with the price, 12£, 18s, and 11£, 11s.

We find papers informing the militia what their duties were. Every able bodied man was required to take his part in the work. Musters were held at the corner of Lyman and East Main streets on the Forbush land. These were great days, large gatherings for Westborough. The old adage was, "Prepare for war in times of peace." Also, two warrants for minister's tax, in 1784 and 1789, the latter of "158 pounds 9 shillings and 6 pence to pay the Rev. Mr. John Robinson his salary for the present year." It was signed by the assessors, Abijah Gale, Joseph Harrington and Thomas Andrews.

It was in 1770, that a son, James Hawes, Jr., his only child, was born. When he was 19 years of age he attended school at Malden, Mr. Adoniram Judson (father of the great missionary) being teacher. In 1783, Mr. Judson preached as candidate in Westborough and boarded part of the time at Dr. Hawes', in the old house. Shelves are there today that were made at that time for his books, in the south

chamber. I find Mr. Judson's bill for the son's board and tuition for 52 weeks, dated May 26, 1789, for 19£, 10 shillings. and receipted in full in 1793.

I find the following certificate: "This certifies that upon examination I have reason to believe that James Hawes, Jr., of Westborough, is well qualified to teach an English school agreeably to the first part of an act of the general court of this state, made and passed June 25th, 1789. John Robinson, Pastor of the church in Westborough."

He taught school in Boston. Some letters are preserved that he wrote while there. He married Hannah King of Wrentham in 1792, and brought her to his home. The house was then enlarged. The east front room and rooms back and the ell part were then added. The room in the ell he used as his room, called "the clock room." He was a wooden clock maker by trade. Seven children were born to him. Two died in childhood, James, 3rd, and Achsah. Five girls grew to womanhood, but the name Hawes was lost to the town.

Dr. Hawes' wife died in 1809, aged 66. She was thrown down by a horse as she came out of church and lived but a few days.

The son, James, Jr., died in 1813, aged 43. In his death the Baptist church lost another earnest worker. He, with his close friend, Mr. Asa Haskell, were the first in town to profess their faith in baptism by immersion. They were coworkers in Christian work. I quote from the historical sketch of the Baptist church. "The names of the candidates were James Hawes, Jr., and Asa Haskell, Sr. The former was a school teacher, a good singer, and had an excellent talent for exhortation

and communicating Bible truths. Until 1813, the year of his death, he was a great help to the brethren. The latter also was held in high esteem and was licensed October, 1801, by the church in Sutton to preach the gospel. He improved his gift in the small Sabbath meetings which were established at the house of Mr. Hawes. His humble efforts were not in vain. A number acknowledged him to be the means of their conversion, among them a future deacon. He died in 1803."

The first communion was held in this house in 1812. In the summer of 1825, Rev. A. Judson, occupied the pulpit for a number of weeks, he also having become a Baptist. A lady writes from Washington, a former member: "Mr. Judson must have been at that time at least 70 years of age, a man of imposing appearance and dignified bearing, and his courteous manners together with his powdered hair and shirt ruffles, made him appear a gentleman of the old school. He retained much of the energy and power that characterized his earlier days and gave universal satisfaction."

About this time Dr. Hawes moved into the new part with his son's widow and children, taking his office furniture into his son's clock room, (I remember that when a small girl I busied myself spelling the labels upon the little drawers of his medicine case), letting the old part of the house and land to different families after his son's death in 1813, as he was not able to care for the farm. He died in 1822, aged 82, and was buried in Midland cemetery.

Those who have lived in this house were Abner Hardy, Holland Forbes, (Mrs. Forbes' mother died there, aged 96. She was Col. Wheelock's daughter), Jacob Broaders (father of Hiram); he used the doctor's office for a shoe

shop; also Mr. Sanger, father of the two deaf and dumb boys.

About 1830, Elijah Haskell, who had married Mary Hawes, moved to her old home, the place having been divided among the heirs. The old part of the house was her portion with the land back, taking in part of the swamp. At that time buildings stood from the house facing the road, nearly to Mr. Rogers' land; the corn barn stood near the house, two wood-sheds, then the chaise-house for the doctor's chaise, a small shed, then the big barn now back of the house, which was where Mr. Fay's house now is, (it was built about 70 years before it was moved), a large cow yard in front, an old well of good water, and a large pond back of Mr. Rogers' house, called "Cook Pond." It had a boat upon it. I have eaten nice pickerel that were caught there before breakfast, and bushels of cranberries have been picked near by and sent to Boston.

Mr. Rogers' land was Sophia Hawes' portion. She married Edward Bellows. Their daughter married Charles Gilmore, who built Mr. Rogers' small house. The land to Water street, belonging to Mr. Lamson, went to the other heirs who were soon married and left town. The doctor's land joined Judge Brigham's place—the Parkman place. There was no house between the Hawes place and the old parsonage, at the corner of High street.

James Hawes Jr.'s widow and unmarried daughter, Sarah, remained in the east part of the house until Mrs. Hawes' death in 1845, aged 76.

Mary, who married Elijah Haskell, was born and married in the same east room, held her 50th anniversary there, and eight years after, her casket was placed upon the very spot where she stood to be married 58 years before.

She died at the age of 76; her husband at 90.

The old Baptist meeting-house was removed to Woodville in 1836, the land reverting to the family according to the deed. Many meetings have been held in the old house—many good sermons preached. Cold evenings they would not open the meeting-house but come into the home, and Sunday noons the ladies would fill their foot-stoves with live coals so that they could be comfortable to hear another sermon, one hour and a half or two hours long. The meeting-house was built in 1815, but no stove was put into it until 1829. Many advent meetings were held in the house.

In 1852 more changes were made. The large fireplace was bricked up (the old pipe hole is still there), a change in the rooms, new stairs, the old back-room and cheese-room taken down, the outside plastered, and other repairs made.

There was one large chimney in the center of the house, which still remains, with a fireplace in every room around it, with flues extending to each. We kept our fires by burying the coals in ashes. One day the fire was out and the tinder box not in working order, so the little girls were sent to a neighbor, at the Forbush house, with the perforated tin lantern after fire. It was before Lucifer matches were heard of, we made our own by striking fire with a flint and steel.

Elijah Haskell left the town for three years in 1836 to 1839. The reason was this: The town had voted to relieve the center school by taking one family from it to each district. Ours was set off to No. 2. But father said we should never go there and his word was law. The little girls felt badly. But our parents picked up a few things and

went to Boston. After three years in its better graded schools we came back rejoicing in the privilege we had had.

In 1834 Dr. Rising came to town as a physician. He was first called to this house for his first work. Years after he remarked, "He would not think this place a healthy place, but it seemed it was by its record."

Some have said "Why should a physician settle so far out of the village?" We forget there were few houses where the pretty village now is. This house was nearer the great turnpike, the stage route from Boston to Worcester, nearer the tavern (the Fisher place) where all the mail was left, nearer the old Wessonville church than the present village.

There have been two vendues or public auctions in this house, one after the doctor died when many of his old things were sold; another after Mrs. James Hawes, Jr., died, when more went, among them the old high settle (that stood between the outside door and the big fireplace) in which we used to sit comfortable. People did not value ancient things then as now. The old tall clock is still with us. As I look upon its familiar face and hear its musical voice, reminding us of our duties, it almost seems that it might communicate many things we would like to know, for it is associated

with my earliest recollections. It stood, as I first remember it, in the corner of the East room and has been a reminder of the passing away of precious time and of the old verse:

"The moments fly,
A minute is gone;
The minutes fly,
An hour is gone.
The day is fled,
The night is here.
Thus flies a week,
A month, a year;
A life is passed.
Our fathers, where are they?"

Remembering some years since having heard that Dr. Hawes, my great grandfather, had left many papers and books in an old tea chest in the old garret, as useless, I found my way under the low roof and saw the large chest well filled. From these I have made the selections for this paper. As he left them in the old desk (which escaped the sale) there were probably more valuable papers, but the best may have been taken by the many descendants, now scattered in various places.

This house has been in the possession of the Haweses for 142 years and every passer-by would easily believe this was "the old house."

One of the seventh generation,

LYDIA MARIA BRITTON;

July, 1908.



THE JOHN FAY HOUSE

The John Fay House.

In 1680 the General Court of Massachusetts granted and confirmed to the heirs of Governor Theophilus Eaton of Connecticut five hundred acres of land in consideration of the aid he had given the Massachusetts Colony. It comprised the northern half of that part of Westborough now extending into Shrewsbury. About two years later the Eaton heirs sold this farm to John and Thomas Brigham and the two sons of their sister Mary, John and Samuel Fay. These latter had the northern third of the farm. Its east boundary, being the west line of old Marlborough, passed near a spring of water just southeast of the house of the calendar, where John Fay had his home.

We have not the data to determine just when he built his house but probably within a few years after 1700. The births of his four eldest children were recorded in Marlborough between 1690 and 1700, and he may soon after the latter date moved to his farm outside the town limits. In 1702 his name appears on a petition to be set off from Marlborough into a new town. In a deed from Peter Bent to John Fay dated March, 1709-10, the latter is said to be "Living upon a Farm adjoining to the aforesaid Town of Marlborough." This house was known as one of "the houses of the Fays," on the map of Chauncy and farms adjoining, before the incorporation of

the town in 1717. Judge Forbes' article on the Eaton grant in the History of Westborough gives fuller details.

The house itself from the rough sketch of it on the old map was originally of one story of very modest dimensions. The present house was built upon the same site about 1771, on the authority of Mrs. Susan A. Newton, whose great grandfather, Benjamin Fay, then occupied it. The old house was probably joined to the new one as an ell. A careful inspection of certain parts of it as they appear today shows some signs of the original building. The bull's-eye four-glass transom over the front door may have been used in the early structure.

An inspection of the present building shows a large stone foundation for the central chimney in the cellar, some 15 feet square, with an arch in it 5 feet wide by 6 feet high and 9 feet deep. The cellar itself occupies the whole space under the house. The floor timbers are of hand-hewn oak as well as the framing of the roof, and are as sound as ever. Extensive changes were made in the house by the removal of the huge central chimney, enlarging the front hall and opening access through it to the back rooms. Three of the lower rooms still retain the old corner posts and the beams in the ceiling. The large ash trees in the front yard are judged to be at least 160 years old.

The family of Fays early appears in the history of New England. A deed of upland and meadow recorded in the Middlesex Registry in 1669 from Peter Bent to David Fay is supposed by some to be the first mention of the name. Rev. Abner Morse, a compiler of the Fay genealogy, "has no doubt that David Fay was a common ancestor of the N. E. Fays." He was probably the father of John Fay. But O. P. Fay in his genealogy begins his list with the latter.

This John Fay was born in England in 1648. He embarked on the ship Speedwell and arrived in Boston on June 27th, 1656. He was then but eight years of age, but was probably bound to Sudbury to meet some of his relations. In 1669 we find him in Marlborough, where he married and where his oldest children were born. During King Phillips war he went to Watertown and having survived his wife, married Mrs. Susanna (Shattuck) Morse, who was the mother of four children.

His oldest son was the John Fay of our sketch. He was born in 1669, and married, in 1690, Elizabeth Wellington. Their first four children were born in Marlborough and the six others after he moved to his farm west of that town. His second marriage was to Levinah Brigham.

"After the incorporation of Westborough he became one of its most prominent citizens and filled the principal offices." He was chosen town clerk at the beginning in 1718 and held that office for ten years. He was also town treasurer in 1722; selectman some twelve years between 1718 and 1736; also moderator of town meeting in 1724. He was a large landowner. Besides the third part of the Eaton grant of 500 acres, he held in

1709 a "sixteen acre right in all the common and undivided Land of ye Town of Marlborough which will draw 32 acres being the division granted to run double to the house lots," etc. In 1728, David Goodenow sold him 350 acres, bounded north by Edward Baker's land and west by Oliver Ward's.

He first joined the Marlborough church. He served on the committee on the ministerial lot in Westborough in 1718, and was one of the first twelve members of the church there formed in 1724. He was elected deacon in 1727. As an illustration of the admirable Christian spirit of the good deacon, an incident is given on page 95 of the 'Town History. He acknowledged on one occasion "his irregular conduct in attempting a speech to ye Congregation," after the regular exercises, and confessed that "how zealously and innocently so ever it could charitably be supposed to be made, it was never ye less very impudent and of ill tendency." He died Jan. 5, 1747-8, and was buried in Memorial cemetery, where his gravestone stands near the monument. His estate was inventoried at some £741, and "desperate debts" of £57.

Of his oldest son, John, we shall speak more fully in the sketch of the Jonathan Fay house.

Of his youngest son, Stephen, Mrs. Forbes has told us the touching incident of his patriotic devotion on his hearing of the death of his oldest son, John, in the Battle of Bennington, recorded in the Parkman Diary, page 15.

The estate of the father passed to his son, Benjamin. This son was born in 1712. He was married in 1739 to Martha Mills. They had eleven children. The oldest of these, Elizabeth, married Eli Whitney, and their eldest

son was Eli Whitney the inventor of the cotton-gin. By a second wife there were two sons. In his will he left his widow for her thirds £1114, various pieces of real estate and also the northwardly part of dwelling house from bottom of cellar to top of garret—dividing by middle of chimney “with certain privileges.” Also, north end of barn, one-third part of pew and stable at meeting-house.

He left his eldest son, Benjamin, the whole of the remainder of real estate as per agreement with brother John and Stephen—in all 264 acres and buildings.

With the family of this Benj. Fay, Jr., born 1744, who married Beulah Stow in 1772, we have come into close touch through the diary kept from 1809 onward by one of his daughters, Elizabeth, who married Dea. Luther Chamberlain. From it we learn that in 1840, “her daughter Lucy and Mr. George N. Sibley, her husband, removed from Grafton to Westborough to live on the farm which used to be the habitation of my forefathers.” She also gives in detail the record of a “Family visit of the descendants of the late Mr. Benjamin Fay, July 2, 1851.” It may well be preserved here as presenting an interesting picture characteristic of those good old times. “This day our contemplated family visit took place. There were eight of us, five sisters and three brothers, met at the old mansion house, where we were nourished and brought up by the hand of our kind parents who lived to see eleven children grown to man and womanhood, the united age of the nine now living are 609 years. The whole number of the family now living, children and grandchildren and great grandchildren is 151.

“Our brother Benjamin was on a bed of languishing and not able to be here with us.

“In the first place, my son and daughter Sibley provided a good dinner. After dinner we seated ourselves in the room where our dear Mother has so many times called us together to receive from her lips religious instruction and to recite to her the Assembly’s Catechism.

“When seated, Mr. Sibley read the hymn ‘Blest be the tie that binds,’ etc., which they sung. Then Dr. Johnson made some remarks and read a piece of poetry composed by his wife for the occasion. Then Mr. Sibley read the 103rd psalm, which our mother repeated most of, when on her death bed. Then Brother James made some remarks and a prayer. Then we sung a hymn to the tune of Old Hundred:—

‘Come Christian brethren ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.
Christians, we here may meet no more
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren we shall meet again.’

“Then Mr. Sibley read the fifth chapter of 2 Cor., brother William made some remarks and a prayer, then Dea. Cheever made some remarks and Dr. Gilmore and Mr. Sibley, and then the meeting was closed.”

It would be of interest if there were space to trace the many worthy descendants in this branch of the Fay family. We may note in passing the names of Rev. Solomon P. Fay and his cousin, Rev. Prescott Fay, and their second cousin, Rev. Hercules Warren Fay, in the fourth generation from the first Benjamin Fay.

The estate passed in 1835 from Benjamin Fay, Jr., and others to

Luther Chamberlain, his son-in-law, who left it in turn to his daughter Lucy, wife of George N. Sibley.

The subsequent owners have been William Emerson, Charles E. Eddy,

Silas A. Howe, M. and J. E. Henry, C. H. Gulliver, and Mrs. E. H. Moulton, the present owner.

S. INGERSOLL BRIANT.

September, 1908.

The Samuel Fay House.

The first house on this site was probably built about the time that his brother John's of the previous sketch was built. At least two of his children were born in Marlborough. But the birth of Jeduthan, the fourth child, is given in the Westborough record in 1707. So that he was probably living on his home farm before that date. The house was one of "the houses of the Fays" before the incorporation of the town in 1717.

In looking over the premises for some signs that would indicate the age of the present house we find the double front door as it now appears with the finish about it, and the small entry with its winding stairway into which it opens indicate a very early construction. Also, the very narrow clapboarding seen on the front of the first story furnishes a hint of what may be the original form of this building. The low studded rooms with their corner posts are like signs. The large central chimney stands on a base inclosed within stone walls 10 by 15 feet in length. The very many changes and additions in the arrangements of the rooms in later years prevent the identification of its original form.

In a deed of it from Samuel Fay to

his son, Jeduthan, in 1733, it is dignified as "our mansion house." This son was then residing with his parents and the deed was given "in consideration that he shall take a dutifull child-like care of us, Samuel and Tabitha." The estate then included the 30 acres about the house and the 30 acres additional on the south side of the road, "bounded east by Marlborough old line," with 24 acres of meadow by the river.

It passed with various additions and exchanges from the farm north of it, from Jeduthan to his son, Jeduthan, Jr.,—one half by deed and the other half by will of the father dated 1786.

Jeduthan, Jr., deeded it in 1802 to his son, Antipas Maynard Fay,— "one undivided half (that is the west half) of my homestead farm on both sides of the county road to Grafton—said half, 50 acres, with the west half of dwelling house and one half of cellar."

We find the property next in the possession of Joseph Brigham who deeded it in 1836, 125 acres on both sides of the road, to William Cheever. He sold it in 1870 to Miletus and J. E. Henry, and the latter in 1893 to Albert B. Ward, whose widow, Mrs. Roxana Ward, now holds it.



THE SAMUEL FAY HOUSE

Of the personal history of the early occupants we have but meagre items. The builder of the house, Samuel Fay, was the third son of the John Fay who was born in England in 1648. He was born in 1673 in Marlborough. He married Tabitha Ward in 1699. He and his wife offered themselves for baptism in the Marlborough church in 1701. He was one of the first inhabitants of Westborough after it was set off from Marlborough in 1717. He was chosen surveyor in 1718 to 1720 and held other minor offices. In "1721 was Tythingman, which was in those days considered a highly honorable position, and was given to none but men of sober character and good standing in the community."

He had three sons and four daughters. His eldest child, Rebecca, married William Nourse of Shrewsbury, whose farm, in 1741, was set off to Westborough.

Of his eldest son, Samuel, Jr., the Fay genealogy says "He settled on his father's land in Southboro, where he had a family of 25 children recorded. This is the largest Fay family on record." Rev. Abner Morse says of him, "his first wife died after delivering to him 14 children in 20 years, giving him the privilege of marrying another wife which he was patriotic enough to embrace, by whom he had 11 more."

He was one of the two of whose children the historian said "before the forty-six had all made their *debut*, it became comically difficult to find Scripture names, and the latest comers had to take what they could get."

One of his granddaughters, Molly, who married Reuben Maynard, had 13 children, born "all around the lot," it was said to indicate the many places where they had lived. Another grand-

daughter, Elizabeth, married Nathan Bullard of Athol, a saddler, who was called "a wandering planet for he moved more than 40 times." They had 13 children. The name of one son, Samuel, appears in the church records of Thompson, Conn., spelled "Phay," He had 12 children. The family register contains the names of at least 110 grandchildren of Samuel Fay, Jr.

He was in Mr. Parkman's parish. The Diary of Feb. 4, 1739, reads, "Mr. Saml. Fay, jr's, Infant Child buryd." The Vital Statistics of the town gives the births of his children here.

He had differences with his pastor. In 1738, when he called on him at the committee's request he found that he had no desire to see him. "His chief objection and offence against me", the record reads, "were what arose from my bringing in new singing and my wearing a wig." When the pastor spoke of "his not coming down to see my brother when he called and of his keeping from seeing me in the pulpit, . . . he owned it with a laugh."

The second son of the builder, Jeduthan, to whom the homestead descended, married Sarah Shattuck, a half sister of his brother Samuel's wife, Deliverance. They had 11 children. He removed to Grafton. His grandson, Antipas Maynard Fay, who came into possession of it in 1802, and was living in it in 1804, had married in 1803 Margaret Willard, whose father, Benjamin, was a clockmaker, and brother of Simon and Aaron Willard, noted clockmakers of Boston. Their eldest son, Benjamin Willard Fay, was the father of Jasper and Mrs. Jane (Fay) Nourse, whose families still dwell among us, and of George Augustus Fay, who resides in Grafton on the old homestead, now "Elmsdale Farm."

The third son of Samuel Fay was Ebenezer, who settled in Sturbridge. He had 18 children. One of them, Jonathan, lived to be nearly 100 years old and his wife to be 100 years in full.

But this must suffice. There is

neither time nor space to detail here the record of the Fay family in all its branches. The dwellers in this one homestead have united in themselves the Fay, the Shattuck, the Ward and the Brigham blood. S. I. B.

The Jonathan Fay House.

There stood on the site of this house in early times another smaller one-story house. It is not on record when or by whom it was built, but probably by John Fay for his son, John, Jr. The lands that the father deeded to the son in 1828 may have included this site.

Of the son, John Jr., little is known. He was born in 1700, and married in 1721 one Hannah Child. He died in 1732. Tradition says that he died in the woods while on an expedition against hostile Indians. He left five children for whom his father was appointed guardian. His estate, valued at \$5000, was administered upon by his widow in 1738. She afterwards married Samuel Lyscomb of Southborough.

The old house was occupied in 1758 by his oldest son, Jonathan. It stood, probably, just in the rear of the house of the calendar. It is said that a roof or shed was built over it connecting it as an ell to the new house when it was built. After many years, probably as late as 1852, this roof was removed and the old house which had been bought by Thomas Meighan, was moved to the lot on Hopkinton street

which he had bought of P. H. Perrin, just west of St. Luke's cemetery. It stood there with some additions till it was burned one Sunday evening in August, 1864.

The house before us was built by Capt. Jonathan Fay about 1774. It was a fine mansion for the time. It had a central front door opening into an entry with stairs at the back. The rooms on either side were high studded and remembered by its later occupants as spacious and well arranged. It was often visited by strangers as a house well worthy of special attention. In one of the front rooms was a spacious corner-sideboard long preserved in good condition.

The southwest front chamber was noted for its occupancy by General Putnam, as related in a Memorial read at the Centennial of the Social Circle, in Concord, Mass., in 1882. Jonathan Fay, Jr., son of Capt. Jonathan, was a member of the above organization in 1795.

Of his father's Westborough home it is said, "It is remembered that General Putnam on his way to Cambridge in the Revolution, stopped at his house



THE JONATHAN FAY HOUSE

over night, and the room he occupied is pointed out in the same condition now that it then was,—the walls covered with figures of Birds and horses, painted black on a white ground—the birds as large as the horses.” One who herself occupied this room in later years adds “and the horses had straight legs.” When the walls were stripped of their paper the whitened surface still bore the stencilled figures in dark coloring upon them. The troops who were with the General were quartered in the large barn on the south side of the road.

The majestic elms that graced the front lawn as they appear in our print, were set out, tradition has it, by the Captain and his wife on their wedding day.

Of the destruction of the house by fire, the Chronotype of June 23, 1895, states that the alarm was given just after midnight the previous Sunday. The barn on the opposite side of the road was evidently set on fire in the basement. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, who then occupied the house, were aroused by a neighbor. “If there had been a ladder—if there had been water sufficient”—the house probably would have been saved. Most of the furniture was removed. The loss on the house was \$3200 and \$1100 on the contents. Two horses, twelve cows, thirty tons of hay, and all the farming tools, wagons, etc., were burned.

The site remained unoccupied till in 1903, Wm. H. White of Brookline purchased it and erected thereon his modern summer residence.

Capt. Jonathan Fay, who built the house, was born in 1724. He married in 1746, Joanna Phillips, daughter of the founder of Andover Phillips Academy. He was a thrifty farmer, and a large land owner, though it can

hardly be true that he owned, as it is stated by one, “all the land from the village of Westborough to his house, two miles distant.”

In the French war he commanded a company and was under General Abercombie at Ticonderoga in 1758. In his mature years he filled many offices of trust. In 1768 he was on the committee for increasing the sittings in the old meeting house. In 1769 and in 1773 he was elected selectman of the town. He was through life on terms of intimacy and working with his pastor as Mr. Parkman’s Diary abundantly shows. His horse was ever at the service of the pastor.

He died in 1800, and his tombstone with those of his wife Joanna and their daughter Joanna, and of his wife Mary, may still be seen in the south-west part of Memorial cemetery.

In his will, after directing that “the tripartite agreement made with my Beloved wife, Lucretia, at our marriage be punctually performed,” and that various small gifts be given to other children, it reads, “all the Remainder of my Estate both real and personal not disposed of I give to my son David.” This son occupied the farm during his life and in the partition of his property the real estate was divided between the widow who had “the West part of upright house, beginning at centre of the front door—thence direct through the centre of chimney to the wall of the middle room.” etc., (a curious and elaborate specification of details) and the three daughters, Betsey, Patience and Nancy, who were given the rest—their brother David having quitclaimed his right to them. The whole estate was inventoried in 1828 at over \$11,000.

The property passed in 1848 to 1851 from these heirs to Daniel H. Forbes,

whose will in 1854 left it to his widow and their children. They deeded it in 1855 to Joseph W. Forbes. Next, in 1856, it was purchased of the latter by William Emerson. He sold it in 1860 to Amos Goodell. In 1893 the Goodell heirs sold it to Michael E. Lyons who owned it when the house burned in 1895. In 1903 Mr. Lyons sold some thirty acres, including the site of the house, to Wm. H. White, in whose name it now stands.

Of the personal history of the early members of the Fay family we have the following items of interest :

After the death of his wife, Joanna, Capt. Jonathan Fay had married, in 1789, Mary Goddard, and in 1798 he married again, Mrs. Lucretia Hamilton, who survived him and removed to Worcester. By his first wife he had seven children. The eldest son died while yet a babe. The second son, John, was a soldier in the Revolution and died unmarried in Littleton, Mass.

The third son, Jonathan, Jr., is frequently mentioned in Mr. Parkman's Diary as calling to render services. As in 1775 he was a fellow student at Harvard College with the minister's son, Elias, he was often at the parsonage. In Jan. 21, 1775, the record is "Jonathan Fay was up here in the vacancy," (that is the vacation at Harvard). He graduated in 1778. In his frequent visits at the minister's he took great pleasure in the social gathering for singing with the family. He evidently had some musical ability for on Sunday, Oct. 4, 1778, the pastor quaintly writes, "No body to set ye Psalm, I was obliged to set it, after a poor manner, my Self." But in the second service he was relieved for "Senior Fay, p. m. set the Psalms."

Jonathan, Jr., removed to Concord, Mass., where he married in 1776, Lucy

Prescott, and settled as a lawyer. "He became quite eminent in his profession" and of such integrity that he gained among his associates the title of "The Honest Lawyer." He was in the Legislature 1792 to 1796.

It was a daughter of this Jonathan Fay, Jr., Joanna Phillips, who in 1710 married Charles Parkman of Westborough, a son of Breck Parkman. Thus the family was again identified with our town's history.

Samuel Prescott Phillips Fay, the only son of Jonathan, Jr., was a graduate of Harvard in 1798. He first practised law with his father and afterwards moved to Cambridge, where for 35 years he was Judge of Probate for Middlesex County.

Joseph Story Fay, the son of this Samuel, was a member of the American Forestry Commission. His successful planting of a barren tract of 200 acres at Wood's Holl with a fine growth of pines and other trees gained for him a wide acknowledgment.

It was the son of the latter, Joseph Story Fay, Jr., a man devoted to commercial pursuits, whose generous contribution to the Publishing Fund of our Historical Society has enabled us to publish these sketches of the old landmarks.

Through another son of Judge Phillips, Richard Sullivan, has descended in the third generation our former selectman, Richard Fay Parker.

Returning to the family of Capt. Jonathan Fay, we find his fourth son, David, who inherited the old farm, was the father of Otis Fay, whose homestead was the Ferguson place, nearly opposite Adams street. Otis Fay was the grandfather of our village attorney, A. P. Wilson.

The other children of Jonathan Fay, Jr., were two daughters, Joanna and



THE PARKMAN FARMER'S HOUSE

Hannah, and a son, Nahum, born in 1768, and a graduate of Harvard Col-

lege in 1790. and afterwards a physician,
S. I. B.

The Parkman Farmer's House.

The land on which this house stood was included in the farm of the Rev. Mr. Parkman, when he built his parsonage in 1750 on the corner of the present High street. By his will, his real estate was left to his widow and children. In 1789 the legal heirs and their representatives, some fourteen in all, deeded all their rights in the estate, both land and buildings, to Elijah Brigham, who had married for his first wife Anna Sophia, the daughter of the old minister, and who had made his home at the parsonage according to his avowed intention at the time of his marriage, as Mr. Parkman quaintly records in his Diary.

At Mr. Brigham's decease, Feb. 22, 1816, the portion on which this house stood, with other land, was left to his daughter, Anna Maria Brigham,—“7 acres and 29 rods, on the north side of said road, (East Main street), with the buildings and part of building thereon.” She was the daughter of the wife Sarah, whose father was General Artemas Ward of Shrewsbury. She married, in 1818, E. M. Phillips. At her death it became the property of her son, Elijah Brigham Phillips, and her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Maria Clark. In 1894, it was deeded by them to Judge W. T. Forbes, who in 1899 sold it to the B. & A. R. R. Co., in whose name the estate now stands.

We have no record of the time when this house was built or by whom. Mrs. Clark wrote, “She did not know surely about the house owned by her grandfather, Judge Brigham, but is inclined to think it was built by Mr. Parkman.” If so, it must date before 1782, when he died. There is some doubt whether it was built by him for his farmers' use. As far as we have read his Diary, he seems to have managed his farm work by himself with the aid of such men and boys as he hired, or who lived with him. In later years he was evidently burdened with the care it involved and let it out on shares. Under date of April 14, 1778, he wrote that Dr. Hawes took part of the place “to ye Halves.” His farm extended north and west of his dwelling and comprised a large acreage.

The earliest date we have of the house is when Benjamin Nourse was living in it. His eldest son, David, was born here, March 29, 1798. A younger son, Joseph Joslin, was the father of Dea. B. A. Nourse.

We have learned, also, of a farmer of Judge Brigham's who lived here a little later. It was Jesse Rice, who married Sophia Newton in 1807, and this was probably their first home. A son, Charles P. Rice, was born in this house in 1809. He was the father of Mrs. Louise S. Kelley.

The fathers of Abner Bullard and Elijah Burnap are recalled among later occupants.

The house appears on the map of 1855 as situated on the old road from High street north. When Prospect, now State, street was laid out it stood on the south side of it and on the opposite north side of that street stood a cider mill.

It was, as the cut shows, a plain one-story cottage—a very humble dwelling, with only a few living rooms and a shed in the rear.

In its best days it must have been valued at but a few hundred dollars.

It was assessed in these last years at \$200. When torn down by the R. R. company in 1907, it had begun to show signs of decay and it was deemed hardly worth preserving.

Fortunately the sketch of it was taken in season to preserve its form in its attractive surroundings. Its picturesque situation in the shade of the massive and towering elm that must have stood for more than a century, near its southeast corner, made it very noticeable and attractive to all who could appreciate its beauty.

S I. B.

The Old Arcade.

A Westborough building called, in its old age, The Old Arcade, was for one hundred and forty years, a prominent land-mark of the town. It was built in 1749, for the meeting-house of the first church formed in the town. It was their second meeting-house. The first one was built at Wessonville in 1718-23, on the hill near where now stands the tallest building of the Lyman School. It was a rough, barn-like structure, without porch, steeple or chimney. In that rude building, a church was organized October 28, 1724, and Ebenezer Parkman, a young man from Boston, was ordained and installed as its minister; and there he preached for twenty years, to a congregation made up of people from both Westborough and Northborough, which then formed one town, Westborough,

or, as it was called, the West Precinct of Marlborough. In 1744, this Precinct was divided. The people of the northern part seceded from the church and built a meeting-house of their own in their village, now called Northborough. This led the Westborough people to talk of a new meeting-house for themselves in the center of their town. And in 1748, it was voted in town-meeting "to build a new house on the north side of the country road where now a pine bush grows about twenty-five or thirty rods easterly from the burying place," which burying place is now the Memorial cemetery, opposite the town hall. At the same meeting, Edward Baker, Thomas Forbush, Josiah Newton, Francis Whipple and Abner Newton were chosen a building committee, and



THE ARCADE.

six hundred pounds, English money, old tenor, — equal to about twelve thousand dollars of our present day currency — was appropriated for the work. As there were then only one hundred families in town, this vote taxed them on an average, one hundred and twenty dollars a family. It was voted that the house should be 50 feet long, 40 feet wide, with 23 feet posts. In April, 1749, the work of building had so far progressed as to be ready for the "raising" — a great event, at that time, when all the big heavy timbers—such as were then used—of a whole broadside of a building were framed solidly together as they lay flat on the floor of the house-to-be, and then raised to their upright position by the brawny arms of all the men of the neighborhood or even of the whole town. The "raising" of an ordinary dwelling house or a barn, seventy-five years ago, drew together a crowd of people almost equal to a cattle show. And, according to the custom of that day, a liberal supply of ardent spirits was always provided for the great occasion. The raising of a meeting-house was no exception to this rule. Accordingly, we read in the town records that Capt. John Maynard, Lieut. Simeon Taintor and Lieut. Abijah Bruce were chosen a committee "to take care to provide half a barrel of rum for the raising of the meeting-house."

On September 3, 1749, the first public service was held in the new house, rough and unfinished as it was. But as the old house at Wessonville was being torn down to get the lumber for the new one, it was a case of necessity. Here, then, we see the church with their beloved pastor established in a new home, where Dr. Parkman preached till his death occurred in 1782.

Although the meeting-house was occupied, as before stated, in 1749, it was far from being finished. As yet, there were no pews, no pulpit, no porches, no heaven-pointing steeple. Three years later, in 1752, we read in the Town Records that the town "voted to build the pulpit, the ministerial pew, and to sell the pews." By "selling the pews" was meant—so it seems from the record—selling a square space marked off on the floor, called in the records a "pew-spot," on which the purchaser might build a pew to suit himself. The town gave a deed of the "spot" with all the legal formality of a house-lot of land. The "pew spots" were located around the walls of the room, while the middle of the floor was occupied by two rows of benches, one row on each side of the broad aisle,—one row for men, the other for women. The square pew-spots were enclosed by board partitions which were surmounted by an ornamental railing, or balustrade. The choice "spots" each sold for more than one hundred dollars. The poor people who filled the benches must have looked with many envious eyes upon the occupants of the pews, taking their ease upon their cushioned seats, some of them even reclining in rocking chairs. The balustrade was, at times, both hurtful and useful. The story is told of a youngster, who growing uneasy under the two-hour sermon, fashionable at that time, worked his head between the balusters in such a way that he could not get it out again. Consequently, the services were sadly interrupted by his howls of anguish. But the old men found the same balustrade a source of great comfort. One of them said that he could lock his arm into it in such a way that he had no fear of falling off his seat while he slept through the long sermon. He de-

clared that he would never go to church in the new meeting-house which had no balustrade on the pews.

In 1773, the congregation had become so large as to make it necessary to enlarge the house and the town voted to choose a committee "to go and view some meeting-house that had been cut in two and a piece put in the middle." That committee reported in favor of enlarging the house in that way, whereupon the town voted "to split the meeting-house and put in fourteen feet." At the same time it was voted "to build three porches," which porches are still in existence. One of them forms a part of the Arnold house on Heath street; another, a part of the Wilson house on Boardman street; the other one is found in the small house on the Blake place on West Main street.

Another relic of the Old Arcade is preserved in the museum of the Westborough Historical Society. It is the large circular window which ornamented the eastern gable. Some of the old oak timbers were used by Mr. B. B. Nourse in making one of the bookcases of the society.

The church, under a number of different ministers, continued to occupy the house till 1836. But for several years previous to that date, so much dissension had been growing out of the Unitarian controversy, that, in 1833, a division of the church was brought about. Those members who still held to the old doctrines, called themselves Evangelicals and proceeded to build a third meeting-house at the corner of Main and Church streets, into which they moved in 1836, and which they still occupy. The Unitarians were left in possession of the old church which they sold in 1837 to be used for stores, offices and shops with the new name of the "Old Arcade." And so it

continued to be used for business purposes till 1891, when, old, unsightly, and out of repair, it was torn down and gave place to the fine new Arcade Block which now occupies its site.

Of course there was much opposition to its demolition on the part of many of the older people of the town. The dear old building was associated with the most dear and cherished memories of their whole lives. Religious and patriotic sentiments begged hard to spare it,—to preserve it as a sacred relic. But Yankee enterprise and business rush turn a deaf ear to sentiment when sentiment blocks the way to trade. So the Old Arcade had to go and is now only a fading memory of a past age.

One very interesting relic of it, however, still remains, namely, the church bell. When first built, the church had no belfry or steeple. But in 1801, one of Dr. Parkman's sons, Samuel, who had become a prosperous business man in Boston, made the church a present of one of Paul Revere's fine-tone bells. This gift made the church feel the want of a belfry which the town immediately voted to build. The bell was soon raised to its place and called the people to church and town meeting there till 1837, when the house was sold. The bell soon afterwards found its place in the new Baptist church, where it still hangs and sends out its sweet tones, every Sunday morning, over the village, calling upon all the people to assemble for the worship of God. It has continued to do this good work for over one hundred years.

One more relic must be mentioned, namely, the town clock, which from 1806 to 1842 marked time for the village from the tower of the church. Since



THE BRIGHAM TAVERN

1842 it has done the same good service from the tower of the town hall.

The old Arcade answered the double purpose of church and town hall. So it was for almost one hundred years the center of the religious and political life of the town. As such, it was a very dear object to all the people. Its walls had echoed to the patriotic speeches which were inspired by the Revolutionary war; and from its doors, the greater part if not all the three hundred men of the town, who did military service in that war, had marched forth with the fatherly advice, the patriotic exhortation and the pastoral benediction of Dr. Parkman.

For almost one hundred years its walls had resounded with the preach-

ing of the hard theology and the stern doctrines of a rigid calvinism, which, however much it is ridiculed by the people and ignored by the pulpit now-a-days, did, it must be admitted by all, a wonderfully great and good work at that time in raising up a strong and vigorous generation of men and women who laid deep and wide the foundation of the best government of the civilized world, who established schools and colleges, and founded benevolent, philanthropic and charitable institutions which have made our country well worthy to be named "God's Own Country," as it is so fondly called by all returning travelers.

G. S. NEWCOMB.

Sept. 12, 1908.

The Brigham Tavern.

One would hardly think of associating Union Building on South street, with a famous tavern of seventy-five or more years ago.

Such at least a part of it was when joined to the present Westboro' Hotel.

Some of the narrow clapboards on the south end are still in good condition, and inside can be seen the old floors in chambers and hall; a few of the narrow windows, and the cornices, wainscoating and corner-posts in the upper front rooms.

Though not the oldest in town this tavern was known as Tavern House or Gregory Inn, and there in 1807 fifteen leading men of the town met and organized "The Union Library Society,"

which lasted until 1839 when it was merged in the Mechanics Association, and in 1857 the library was transferred to the town, becoming the nucleus of our public library.

In the appraisal of Elijah Brigham's estate in 1816 we find:

"One acre with dwelling house, barn and shed, called the tavern house and is now occupied as such by Daniel Gregory, owned in common by Breck Parkman and heirs of E. Brigham . . . we divide through centre of front door and assign all north of said line to heirs of E. Brigham and set to Sally Brigham, daughter, one-half of Tavern House and land."

This Elijah Brigham was son-in-law

of Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, and brother-in-law of this Breck Parkman.

Daniel Gregory's daughter, Abigail, married (September 3, 1817) Lowell Mason, the well known music composer.

Daniel Gregory's son, John, married (October 31, 1821) Sally, daughter of Elijah Brigham, the Sally to whom half of the tavern was set off, so the Brigham's and Gregory's were connected by marriage.

But now we find another Brigham purchasing the tavern.

In 1823 (April 1) Breck Parkman sells to Dexter Brigham his "South half of house and estate on which he (Dexter Brigham) now dwells," and three years later the records show that (January 1, 1826) John Gregory, bricklayer, Charlestown, and Sally (Brigham) Gregory, wife, sold to "D. Brigham innholder 2 acres with building on same, whereon the said Dexter now lives."

We have no traditions of the inn in the time of the Gregorys. Doubtless there were merrymakings and interesting enough happenings, but, unfortunately, no one thought enough of them to hand them down to posterity, and no one is living today to tell us of those times.

But of the time when it was known as the Brigham Tavern there are many interesting things to be told.

I have in my possession an article written by my brother years ago for the "Worcester Spy," and as the material for this article was obtained from an interview with Mrs. Brigham, and from personal recollections of my father, I cannot do better than to quote it at length.

"A half century ago the average New England town had no institution of more general interest than the 'vil-

lage tavern' or 'public house.' It was more than a temporary abiding place for the traveler, for the citizen of the town had a certain consciousness of proprietorship which does not apply to the hotel of the present day. The landlord and landlady were in many cases looked upon as official characters, and their manner of dispensing hospitality had, seemingly, less of a commercial flavor than that which characterizes the modern host.

"Fifty years ago 'Brigham Tavern' was among the famous public houses in this part of the state.

"Mr. Dexter Brigham purchased the hotel property and business in 1821. (the record shows in 1823-1826) and for 28 years thereafter was its popular landlord. The tavern stood a few rods south of the present Westboro' Hotel, facing the highway now known as South street.

"The house was a square two-story structure, with the main entrance in the centre, and a hallway running through to the rear. On the right of the entrance was the public parlor, and in its rear the family sitting-room; on the left was the bar-room. back of that the dining-room, and the kitchen was a one-story projection built on the rear. On the second floor the main apartment was 'the hall,' the scene of many a merry-making, where young and old were wont to assemble to enjoy the festivities incident to a dance or supper party."

[Mrs. Harriet M. Clark, daughter of E. M. Phillips, recalls the many good times she had had in that old tavern. She remembers the dance hall, that had seats all around the room, much like those at Wayside Inn, Sudbury. Mr. Brigham's three oldest children were her playmates.]

"Two partition frames were fast-

ened by hinges to the ceiling, and when there was an extra demand for lodging accommodations these were dropped to the floor, thus securing a division of the space into three apartments. About three years after Mr. Brigham purchased the house, he enlarged it by an addition on the north side, when the new front corner apartment was taken for the bar-room, and a separate entrance, with porch, was provided.

"The bar-room was headquarters for the male population of the village, and here the political and social problems of the day were discussed by candle-light, the local congregation often being augmented by such of the traveling public as chanced to be in that pleasant harbor for the night. Liquors, wine and cider, were in those days dispensed freely, and Mr. Brigham frequently laid in forty barrels of cider for his winter's store.

"This was previous to the opening of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, and all travel was by carriage. Heavy teams were constantly passing between Boston and the towns in this vicinity and with the teamsters there was no more popular place than 'Brigham's,' at which to spend the night.

"The barn then stood north of the tavern, and in common with all barns connected with the public houses of that day, was built so that large wagons could drive through, the carriageway not being floored. Mr. George W. Parker was for a time employed by Mr. Brigham as hostler, and subsequently he entered into partnership with the latter in conducting the livery business.

"Mrs. Brigham was exceptionally efficient and satisfactory in the management of her department, and had an enviable reputation for skillfulness

in cookery. On 'Lecture Day' and 'March Meeting Day' her cake was in great demand; not only was an immense quantity required for consumption at the tavern, but it was purchased by the heads of families to carry home as a luxury for wives and children. Cake and sherry wine were daily called for as a lunch, and for many years there was a large sale of sponge cake on Sundays during the noon recess.

"In winter, after a heavy snow fall, the farmers living most remote from the village would start out to 'break roads,' and being reinforced by volunteers at every house, would enter the village with a team of twenty or more yokes of oxen. These men were regarded as public benefactors, and on such occasions the 'creature comforts' were dispensed gratuitously at tavern and store.

"The Boston & Worcester Railroad was opened to Westboro' in October, 1834, and until the following summer the town was the western terminus of the line. During the few months that Ashland, then known as Unionville, was the terminus, Mr. Brigham ran a coach daily to and from the latter point via. Hopkinton. About this time the house was again enlarged, the extension being, as before, on the north end, and one of the two square rooms thus gained on the lower floor was afterward called the 'railroad waiting room,' no provision being made for passengers at the station originally built. Piazzas were built on the new section of the tavern, an entrance was located midway, and a long entry or hall ran back to the original hallway, with which the west entrance communicated. After this enlargement the north end of the house appeared substantially as does the front of the main building today.

"The occasion of the arrival of the first railway train from Boston was a day long to be remembered by those who were present. It was a general holiday; the people donned their Sunday clothes and gave themselves up unreservedly to enjoyment. Visitors came by carriage from the neighboring towns, and from Worcester came a party, conspicuous among whom 'Squire Burnside' is remembered. On the train from Boston were some forty or fifty prominent men and railroad officials. No formalities had been arranged, but the enthusiasm of the Westborough people must have dignified expression; and who but 'Squire Harrington' the village magistrate, could do the honors? His speech was impromptu and brief, and perhaps was never recorded entire, but this detached and eloquent utterance of the 'Squire's' seems destined to immortality; 'We look for Boston! When lo! and behold! Boston is here!'

"A response to this address was made by Mr. Wm. Jackson of Newton, a civil engineer who adjusted land damages in the interest of the railroad corporation. The people were then invited to ride a few miles down the track, and the primitive coaches of various designs, were quickly filled to overflowing, the more venturesome youngsters even swarming on the roofs of the cars, and all were carried who could possibly gain a foothold. The short run was made at a slow rate and on the return trip, with an up grade, the locomotive was barely able to move the heavy freight.

"Brigham's tavern did an immense business on that memorable day, and the amount of liquids consumed was enormous. The Worcester party brought a liberal supply of champagne and when night came on, a large pro-

portion of the participants in the celebration doubtless had somewhat confused ideas of railroading. After this date Mr. Brigham discontinued the sale of liquor and his establishment was called a 'temperance house,' although during the next few years wine and cider were sold moderately for this practice was not then considered inconsistent with temperance principles; finally no liquid more potent than coffee was sold at the house.

"During the nine or ten months that Westboro' was the railroad terminus, the tavern business was greatly increased by the movements of the various coaches, which connected with teams to and from Boston. The Worcester and Dudley stages made one or two trips each way daily, and their passengers usually dined at the house. One of the Worcester stages was driven by a man named Taylor, who announced his approach by the clear notes of a bugle horn.

"Trains were at that time very unreliable in their trips, and as the crudely constructed locomotives frequently became demoralized, horses were kept at each station to be used for motive power in an emergency. The freight accommodations were exceedingly limited, and as there was no surplus of cars, all freight was unloaded on the ground, the train waiting meanwhile. Merchandise purchased in Boston, for towns in this vicinity was shipped by rail to Westboro, and thence taken by team to its destination. It was no uncommon sight to see hogsheads, barrels and packages of goods lying about 'the common' for days, awaiting transportation to neighboring towns.

"For many years Brigham's Tavern was a famous place for securing a

royal supper. The driver of the Worcester stage often brought the announcement that a party from that city would drive down toward evening, and Mrs. Brigham was warned that a hearty supper and a generous supply of her 'mulled wine' would be consumed. Among the frequent visitors from Worcester are recalled the names of Braman, Lincoln and Sears. The young people of the village, too, thought no sleigh-ride complete unless they returned to the tavern for one of Mrs. Brigham's suppers and a dance in the old tavern hall.

"Previous to the opening of the railroad to Westborough, Hopkinton Springs had become a popular summer resort for invalids and others, and after that date the travel to and from the Springs was via. Westboro', a coach connecting with every train. Both going and coming the patrons of the Springs Hotel usually stopped at Brigham's, and not a few finally prolonged their stay for days and weeks. At times the mosquitoes of the springs were declared by visitors to be intolerably numerous and familiar, and many preferred the livelier surroundings of Westboro' village. Mr. Brigham kept a supply of the spring water, which he supplied to guests in any quantity desired, either for drinking or bathing.

"The house was then at the zenith of its prosperity, and its patrons included many people of note. Among the Boston people who are remembered as regular patrons were Harrison Gray Otis, Major Ben Russell, editor of the Boston Statesman, whose frequent use of a heavy silver snuff box attracted general attention; Wm. Phillips, a wealthy resident of Beacon Hill; Jeremiah Hill, a retired tea merchant; James Blake (of Kittredge & Blake, furniture dealers) whose wife boarded at the

house 21 consecutive seasons; Dr. Abraham T. Low, president of the bank now known as the First National of Boston; Messrs. Nichols & Whitney, merchants on India Wharf; Samuel Greeley, a director of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, and Nathan Hale, president of the railroad for 19 years, and also the proprietor of the Boston Advertiser; the latter gentleman often visited Westborough, and was frequently accompanied by his sons, who were profuse in their praises of Mrs. Brigham's mince pies. Among other guests of the house were Captain Robinson of the navy, whose wife was a daughter of Major Ben Russell; Wm. Jackson of Newton, a railroad official, subsequently a member of congress and Mr. Curtis (afterwards superintendent of the railroad) who was killed a few years later by striking his head against a bridge column as he leaned from a car window when the train was entering Boston. The Howlands of New Bedford are also remembered, and Salem and Charlestown were represented among the regular patrons.

"Among the minor periodical events recalled were the visits of the Quakers, who came from Bolton and other points, in chaises, and who stopped at the tavern to lunch, and bait their horses while en route to and from the 'quarterly meetings,' then held at Providence; their appearance was invariably looked upon as a precursor of rain.

"Hot coffee was always kept prepared after the traffic in liquor was abandoned, and small cakes, sold for six cents, were kept on the bar-room counter, while for a heartier lunch the standard mince-pie was certain to be required.

On the day of the inauguration of President Harrison, March 4th, 1841,

a 'whig supper' was held at the tavern. This was attended by young and old of both sexes, and many of the younger people present still remember it as an noteworthy occasion.

"The history of the house would be incomplete without a reference to the railroad accident of June 17, 1840. A special train from Boston was heavily loaded with people on their way to a political convention at Worcester, and when rounding the curve near the bridge which spans the railroad about two miles west of this village, it collided with a down train. The locomotives were driven together with such force that they were with difficulty detached, and many passengers were injured, but none fatally. The wounded passengers were brought to Westborough village, and the tavern was converted into a temporary hospital; several surgeons chanced to be of the party, and these rendered timely service. Among the wounded was the son of Ostenello, the celebrated leader of the orchestra at the old Tremont Theatre in Boston.

"Soon after the collision, a second train bound for Worcester reached Westborough and as the track was obstructed at the scene of the disaster, this was detained at the station. This greatly augmented the already large company gathered, and the demand made upon the tavern was unprecedented; its resources were never more severely taxed, and the wants of the crowd were supplied so far as possible, but private citizens were obliged, to some extent, to minister to the material wants of the multitude.

"In 1849 the original portion of the tavern building was moved a few rods south, and remodeled for a private residence, into which Mr. Brigham removed with his family, and the hotel

business was sold to a Mr. Bolles."

Mr. Brigham died in 1870 and Mrs. Brigham in 1889, only two months after the sudden death of her daughter, Mary A. Brigham, the newly elected president of Mt. Holyoke College.

I am fortunate, also, in being able to give extracts from a recent letter from Mrs. Sarah L. Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brigham, and the only surviving member of the family. She writes:

"I must have been about seven years old when the old hotel, which I think was called the Gregory house, was separated from the newer part which my father added, and which is now the Westborough Hotel, and that would have been in '52 or thereabouts.

"I do remember the strange sight of the carpenters sawing through the roof where the old and new parts joined and that people came to see the odd work. Also the open side of the house exposing the rooms from attic to ground. As I recall those days when we lived there my memories are all personal, of being kept waiting beyond my bedtime and falling asleep in the great kitchen when everybody was hurrying about getting up a late supper for a sleighing party or a dance.

"It seems to me the house was variously named the Stage Tavern, the Railroad House and later the Hotel.

"You see how little of interest there would be in the memories of a child, only indeed of the family happenings. My mind has a kaleidoscopic vision of election days, and firemen's musters, or Sundays and holidays, when many people were in and out getting luncheon and dinners, when the great brick oven had been heated and good pies and cakes, baked beans and brown bread, had issued forth delicious in odor and beautiful in form. Also of Thanks-

giving when the family all came home, and others, relatives and friends, came in the evening for supper and games.

"Our old house which became a straw shop, and of which there is such a good picture in the calendar was originally the house of the Gregory family and I think must have been the tavern before my father bought it."

Mrs. Hill alludes to the building which after passing through the various changes from the Gregory Inn, to the Brigham Tavern, from the Brigham Tavern to the family home of the Brighams, then to a straw shop, is now known as Union Building.

In the year 1866 it was evidently sold by Mr. Brigham to Messrs. Snow & Fellows, and occupied by them for a straw shop, or hat factory, and from 1870 to 1872 by Messrs. Snow & Hewins, after which it came into the possession of Messrs. Henry & Biscoe, and is now owned by their heirs, and used for stores and tenements.

The following have been landlords of the Gregory Inn, Brigham Tavern and Westboro Hotel;—

Daniel Gregory, Dexter Brigham, Andrew J. Bolles, Samuel H. Brown, — Rigley, Thomas Tucker, Rollin K. Sherman, James Martin, Ainsworth & Chase, Henry L. Chase, George E. Thayer, — Williams, William B. Adams, William H. Sullivan, George S. Smith, and J. F. Hill who has been the landlord for the past eleven years.

While Mr. Chase was landlord from 1881 to 1885, Westboro was seeing some of her most prosperous times, as it was then the National Straw Works were employing so many people, and another addition was made to the hotel being called "the annex," providing for dining-room and billiard-room down stairs and sleeping-rooms on the second floor. At this time there were as many as one hundred and twenty-five regular boarders besides transients.

Within a year or so while repapering a room (No. 3) on the second floor of the building, a painting was discovered on the plastered wall.

The scene represented a view of a farm-house with orchard, ploughed ground, cat-tails, etc. The name of "Brigham" being discernible it is supposed to have been the artist's name, but no one seems to know more about it.

Of the ownership of the Westboro Hotel from the time it was sold by Mr. Brigham in 1853, the assessors' reports give the following :

1853-1854	Otis F. Vinton and others.
1855-1872	Davis & Bullard.
1872-1876	Cobb & Raymond.
1876-1880	Chas. D. Cobb.
1880	Hosea H. Spaulding.

The property is now owned by Mr. Spaulding's daughter, Mrs. Katherine Winchester.

EMMA S. NOURSE.

September, 1908.

The Governor Davis Birthplace.

The Davis family traces its lineage from the early English stock.

Dolor Davis came in 1634 from Kent County, England, and was granted 25 acres of land west of Charles River, and a village lot of one-half rood in New Towne, (now Cambridge, near Harvard Square). His family came the next year.

Then he sold his holdings (at the time so many sold in New Towne) and moved toward Cape Cod. Dolor Davis was in Barnstable in 1643; in Concord in 1655; returned to Barnstable in 1669 and died there probably about 1673.

In the Northboro line his son, Samuel Davis, made his home in Concord. His grandson, Lieut. Simon Davis, moved to Rutland and thence to Holden where he was an inn-keeper and held responsible town offices.

Simon Davis, Jr., of the next generation, was a farmer in Rutland, and the father of Isaac Davis who came to Northboro.

Governor John Davis was the seventh child and youngest son of Isaac Davis. Here in this old house he was born January 13, 1787. Here he passed his infancy and early school days; only his youth, though three generations of his relatives lived here. He early left his old home for college; for the study and practice of law, and to fill public offices till the end of his

days, and so worthily that he won the title of "Honest John."

He graduated at Yale in 1812; married the sister of George Bancroft ten years later; was a member of the Worcester school board the next year, and a representative to the U. S. Congress a year later. Four times he was re-elected to congress; then, in 1833, was elected governor of Massachusetts and reelected the following year. In 1835 he was chosen U. S. Senator from Massachusetts. In 1840 and again in 1841 was elected governor of Massachusetts. Defeated for that office in 1842, he was chosen U. S. Senator in 1845; elected U. S. Senator in 1847; retired in 1853, and died April 19, 1854.

Isaac Davis, the father of Governor Davis, was chosen delegate to a convention, August 7, 1786, at Leicester, Mass., and was instructed to advocate: 1st, That the Court of Common Pleas be abolished. 2d, That the whole body of Lawyers be annihilated.

It was only a few months till John Davis was born, destined to become a lawyer, and but twelve years till another Isaac, a grandson of the first Isaac, was born, to become a lawyer also. Contemporaneous practitioners they both lived in Worcester, the first near Lincoln Square and the second at the south end.

In the spring of 1842, when Charles



GOV. DAVIS' BIRTHPLACE

Dickens and his wife, in the collection of American Notes, visited this country, they were entertained at the home of Gov. Davis in Worcester. That Sunday the church of Dr. Hill, adjoining Worcester Court House, was packed with people to hear the Gospel and see Dickens in the Governor's pew. But that pew remained empty. Then the other Davis lawyer issued invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and to the elite of Worcester to attend an evening party at his house, much to the delight of Col. Isaac's townsmen.

Before considering further the occupants of this Davis home in Northboro let us glance at the earlier ownership of the property.

The proprietors of the Marlboro Town Grant of 1660 assigned to Samuel Rice land in Middle Meadow Plain north of the Assabet river. Samuel Rice bequeathed to his son Edward Rice who sold to Isaac Tomlin in 1734. Tradition says that Isaac Tomlin built the house—"The Governor Davis Birthplace." When Isaac Tomlin died in 1745 his estate was appraised at 1487 £ , 10s, 3d. He bequeathed the homestead to his son Hezekiah Tomlin subject to dower rights and right to east room below "so long as she remained the widow." Hezekiah Tomlin died four years after his father and left a widow and one child—Resign Tomlin—two months old. In 1766, this child, then 17 years of age, married John Kelly and lived in this Isaac Tomlin house. Ten years later the Kellys sold to Elizabeth Grey of Boston, in the early days of the Revolutionary war. Five years later, again, Elizabeth Grey sold to Isaac Davis December 30, 1781. The farm as surveyed in 1776 by Dea. Jonathan Livermore of Northboro was an irregular shaped tract bordering on the Assabet river at Cobb's bridge and

fronting south 82½ rods on South County road, now Davis street. The old road to Northboro ran north from the east side of the old house and divided the farm in halves.

The site of the old house had been favorably chosen on a slight swell in "Milk Porridge Plain" that forms the divide between the meadows of the Assabet and tanyard brook, thus commanding in all directions broad views across plains and meadows to hills miles away.

The subsequent history of this place centers in the life of the Governor's father, Isaac Davis, the Northboro tanner and leather finisher.

When he had reached the age of twenty-one he was engaged to build and operate a tanyard on the Maynard farm in Westboro (now the B. J. Stone place opposite the Lyman School) and to instruct Capt. Stephen Maynard and his son Antipas Maynard in the leather and tanning business.

Capt. Maynard had been prominent in the French and Indian war, till in 1763 France ceded Canada to England. Then Capt. Maynard returned to Westboro to inherit hundreds of acres of land left by his recently deceased father and to build a new house fit for a citizen of his standing. Unfortunately ready money ran short and he found himself compelled to borrow and mortgage his estate.

To mend matters he engaged Isaac Davis to instruct him in the tanning and leather business, since his grandfather, Samuel Brigham of Marlboro, had at an earlier date been specially successful in that line.

Again he had married for his second wife Mrs. Anna (Gott) Brigham the widow of Dr. Samuel Brigham who was another grandchild of the pioneer tanner. Isaac Davis promptly executed

his part of the tanyard contract and in 1772 married Anna Brigham the daughter of the above mentioned deceased, Dr. Samuel Brigham. She was therefore the stepdaughter of Capt. Maynard and the great granddaughter of the pioneer tanner.

This was the period preceding the struggle for American Independence when most citizens advocated resistance to English demands. The few who continued loyal to the King were driven from the country, or failing to go, they were disarmed and not permitted to leave their farms except to attend Sabbath services.

Antipas Maynard disappeared; debts of Stephen Maynard increased; currency depreciated till it touched 100 to 1 of gold; those in debt became insolvent and were imprisoned; the Maynard tanyard was abandoned.

Then Isaac Davis bought the farm and Tomlin house of Elizabeth Grey for 1800 ounces of plated silver, giving in payment a mortgage and bond in double the purchase price, or 3600 ounces of plated silver, Troy weight, Sterling alloy. Plated silver did not then mean base metal, but coin plate of mint standard.

Isaac Davis, Stephen Maynard and John Fessenden signed the bond. Eight years afterward the bond was satisfied and discharged by another mortgage for 600£ lawful money signed by Isaac Davis and wife. This later mortgage remained in force and was not satisfied and discharged until 1811, thirty years after the farm was bought. We thus see that the family tradition that John Davis made periodic horseback trips to Boston to pay interest money to Elizabeth Grey could have been true, though he was not born till five years after the place was first purchased.

The Davis tanyard was built near the center of the farm where the old road crossed tanyard brook, and was put in operation as soon as the farm was purchased. That business called for all the ready money available.

The business was profitable, but to feed, clothe and educate eleven children—one in college—called for money. The eldest two sons—Phineas and Joseph—soon learned the trade and joined their father, but each had a rapidly growing family of his own to support. At that time there was no race suicide in the Davis stock.

Simon died at the age of 40, leaving 11 children; Isaac had 11, and of his sons, Phineas had 11, Joseph 11, Isaac 12, Samuel 6 and Gov. John 5.

Dea. Isaac Davis had 53 grandchildren, 22 born in Northboro. Four of his children were born in Westboro before he bought the Northboro farm, but they were young, aged respectively, 9 - 7 - 4 - 2 years.

The Davises were a tall, sturdy race of commanding presence, destined to lead more than to follow. About 1819 to 1825 they had numerous portraits painted by artists Peckham and Wheeler. Besides Dea. Isaac and his sons Phineas and Joseph, the business was shared by a grandson, William Eager Davis, son of Phineas, but he died at the age of 33. After the death of the older members, George Clinton Davis, son of Joseph, assumed full control of the business, till hides were imported and tan bark was shipped from other states. Then after about 90 years continuance of the industry, tanning ceased at the Davis tanyard.

In early days each of the partners in the business had a large family and all had houses within a few rods of each other.

At one time a part of the leather out-

put of the yard was cut into shoes in the curry-shop and sent out to neighboring shoe-pegging shops on the farms, where the shoes were finished and returned to the curry-shop to be marketed. In short the raw skin was converted into the finished shoe.

Until that time it had been the custom for the farmer to supply his family with meat by slaughtering his own cattle. Hides he exchanged for leather that was held, waiting the arrival of the itinerant shoemaker, who periodically tarried with the family till he had succeeded in shoeing all. The farmer's clip of wool was similarly exchanged for yarn and cloth. Between producer, manufacturer and consumer there were then few middlemen. In 1836 the appraisers of the estate left by William Eager Davis, deceased, named stock in process of tanning and its value as follows:—900 hides \$3000; 450 skins, \$450: \$3450. When tanned, dressed, and finished, the above stock became very much more valuable.

Profits must have been liberal to enable the proprietors to lift the old mortgage; to care for four large families; to make at least three liberal contributions in 1814 toward Northboro's first cotton factory; to supply the means for building and equipping in 1832 the Davis brick cotton factory; to help other industries and to yield to one of the partners an estate such that he was able to bequeath \$11,000 to each of his six sons and \$7,000 to each of five daughters. Unfortunate investments alone prevented another partner leaving a like estate.

In 1826, Rev. Joseph Allen wrote his History of Northboro and in it states: "The annual sales of leather by the Davises amount to more than \$20,000."

For a term of 30 years, 1795 to 1825,

Isaac Davis was deacon of the Northboro church. Early, under the pastorate of Rev. Peter Whitney, later, under Rev. Joseph Allen.

Twelve years, 1787 to 1798, he was sent representative to the Massachusetts General Court.

His eldest son, Phineas, as a young man was a celebrated wrestler. But one day he was injured and ever after walked with a twisted leg. Phineas also became widely known for his fearlessness of savage dogs about slaughter houses where he drove for hides. He soon became prominent in the leather industry. Isaac Davis of Worcester told the following of his father, Phineas: One day being in need of currency he directed his two sons (the eldest but eight years old) to drive to a Worcester bank, ten miles distant, and get a check cashed. On arrival the eldest son presented the check. The cashier looked at the check, looked at the boy, and asked if any one was with him? "Yes, my brother is in the wagon." "Bring him in." When the cashier discovered the second boy was younger than the first he asked if any other came. "Yes, my dawg. My dawg always goes. He won't let any one touch me." "Tell your father he must send some one older, we can't pay money to young children." "My father will send me back; I know he will; he wants the money." Sure enough, next day the same boys and check reappeared, reinforced with a letter directing the cashier to pay the children and the father would assume all risk. On another occasion he directed his daughter, ten years old, to drive alone to Worcester and deposit \$1000 in the bank. When she hesitated he told her to drive to her Uncle John's office in Worcester and he would go with her to the bank.

Phineas Davis's wife was Martha (Eager) Davis, daughter of Francis and granddaughter of Bezaleel Eager, whose headstone by the roadside a half mile west of the tanyard marks the spot where he was thrown from his horse and killed in 1787.

Martha (Patty Eager) Davis strictly observed the Puritan Sabbath, and permitted no work in her house from sunset Saturday till sunset Sunday. Her pots and kettles, "black dishes," could not be used, though she would knit after sunset Sundays.

Col. Joseph Davis was the second son of Dea. Isaac and his home was on the south side of the Plain road (now the Goodell place.)

His first wife, Lydia (Ball) Davis, was the mother of nine children that reached maturity and had families of their own. She died and Col. Davis married for his second wife, Mrs. Lydia (Cogswell) the widow of Micah Sherman of Marlboro. She was already stepmother to five Sherman children and tradition says that when Col. Davis asked the widow to become his wife she wanted to know what was to become of her Sherman stepchildren? His reply was: "Fetch them along! mix them with mine!" Later the youngest one became the wife of William Eager Davis, son of Phineas.

Another tradition says that when George Clinton Davis married Mary Elizabeth Bigelow of Worcester in 1842, Dr. Hill, after conducting the marriage ceremony, remarked to Col. Davis, "Your son to-day takes from Worcester one of our finest young women." The reply without hesitation was: "Well! We shall see! We shall see!"

In addition to the leather industry Col. Davis mustered and trained the

militia annually on the field east of his tanyard.

He also served in both branches of the Massachusetts legislature.

A temperance movement started in his day and his refusal to serve spirits at the funeral of his wife caused much comment at the time.

Col. Davis, during his later years, was partially paralyzed and was compelled to exercise extreme care and moderation in getting into and out of his carriage. "Old Bay," his faithful horse, then proved most valuable, not moving till his master gave the word. When his master died, in 1843, "Old Bay," harnessed to the hearse, took the body to the tomb and then went to Holden with one of the daughters where he became useful in winter, taking a sleigh load of children to school and returning without a driver. Occasionally he was sent, without a driver, to bring the children from school, a mile distant.

Death took the head of the house in his new home in 1847 and "Old Bay" returned to Northboro. When the old Tomlin house was about to be torn down in the early spring of 1852, a daguerreotype was taken showing the house and "Old Bay." The lad of 14 holding the horse was the present writer. The frame of the old house was sold to the head carpenter and was used by him in building the house now standing at the west corner of Boardman and Church streets, Westboro.

During the summer of that year, after the old house was gone and construction of the new house begun, "Old Bay" was sent one stormy afternoon to take the carpenters home and died before morning.

The favorite animal in the Phineas Davis family was the dog before mentioned as accompanying the boys to



THE COBB HOMESTEAD

the bank in Worcester. He would mount the driver's seat in the sleigh, take the lines in his mouth and drive home with a load of noisy school chil-

dren, always uttering a growl when he met a team.

J. D. ESTABROOK.

Northboro, Oct. 1908.

The Cobb Homestead.

The house which we know as the Cobb Homestead and which is situated in the northern part of Westboro', adjoining the Assabet river, was built about 1777, and came into possession of Edward Cobb, the grandfather of C. D. Cobb, in 1788. The original house was very small, consisting of one front room and a kitchen, but in the course of a few years, a large chimney was built, and a north room with fireplace, was added. This chimney, which was in the center, was four feet square, and fireplaces were the means used for heating. In this little house, Edward Cobb brought up his nine children.

Edward Cobb married Hannah Hallett, about 1776.

Their children were Gershom, born about, 1780; Allen H., born about 1782. As there is no date of the birth of these two children or record of their death, they might have lived and died in Maine, or they may have been born in Barnstable on Cape Cod.

The following children were born in the Old Homestead:

Edward, born October 18, 1783; Harvey, born October 16, 1785; John Hallett, born September 25, 1787; Sallie Snow, born March 6, 1790; Thatcher

Davis, born November 1, 1793; Josiah, born January 5, 1796.—(He wrote the story of his travels and experiences at Dartmoor Prison, England, in two volumes.)—Charles, born January 4, 1800.

It was said by Josiah Cobb, son of Edward, that four brothers came from England—one going north—one south—one east, and one west. Some of them settled on Cape Cod, and many of their descendants are buried there. In those days the name was spelled Cobe, but years after it was changed to Cobb.

Most of Edward Cobb's children lived to manhood and womanhood and were men and women of more or less ability.

Mrs. Cobb was one of the early Methodists of Westborough. In the beginning of that sect the adherents met in different houses. Mrs. Cobb's was a frequent place of meeting. She was baptized about 1804, so that from the early years of the children, they probably attended the stated worship of the Methodists.

One of the sons, Allen H., was a Methodist minister of some note. In 1845, he preached the funeral sermon of his grandmother, Hannah Hallett,

in the Congregational church in Westboro,' to a full house. He also preached the next Sunday, in the same place. He had the rather remarkable ability, of being able to give a good sermon, on any verse of Scripture, without previous preparation. In this respect he had the advantage of the minister, of whom the following anecdote is told. This minister went to church one Sunday morning, and found to his dismay that he had left his sermon at home. He told his people of his embarrassment, and said that in the morning he would have to depend on the Lord, but in the evening he would come better prepared.

Thatcher Davis Cobb, the father of Charles Davis Cobb, was married, March 15, 1820, to Lucy Clisbee, also of Westboro'. He had seven children.

Charles D., born 1820, died 1883. Hannah Hallett, born 1822, died 1840. Josiah Hammond, born 1824, died 1889. John, born 1826, died in Malden, in 1908. Henry Edward, born 1829, died 1891, (his daughter Mary, married W. H. Mills of New York City. Marshall W., born 1831, (he resided in Newton.) Ellen Maria, born 1836, died 1888.

When Thatcher was married the house was still small and primitive, as in the older generation. It was not finished inside or out in the common acceptance of that term. It was rough inside, and the outside was covered with clapboards of extra width, for better protection against the heavy storms. In all these years the weather had caused such a shrinkage in the clapboards that in a driving snow storm the snow sifted in and fell on the floors, and one can imagine the atmosphere of the house with fireplaces for heat. Mr. John Cobb of Malden, to whom I am indebted for nearly all my information, says they did not mind it at all, but now as he thinks of

it he should consider it too much ventilation !

It must not be supposed that however hard and narrow the life of both old and young appears to us, that there were no diversions. The musters of those days appealed to all ages, and the day of the annual drill of the militia was one of the most important events of the year. Each town in the vicinity contributed a certain number of men, and when these men assembled in Northborough they were formed into two regiments, one commanded by John's mother's uncle, Mr. Joseph Davis, and the other commanded by a Mr. Ball. The titles in the militia were always retained through life, and these two men were always known as Col. Joe (to distinguish him from his brothers), and Col. Ball. At one time these regiments had a mock battle, the field used being the land extending from Mrs. Goodell's, then Col. Joe's residence, to the Assabet river. We can imagine the enthusiasm and excitement over the event, and how it was attended by all the country people around. The Sunday near the time of the drill the men were expected to attend church in Westboro, marching in a body, and preceded by the music of the regiment, a fife and drum. Thatcher Cobb played the fife and Adonijah Sanger the drum. These were not the times of total abstinence, or even of temperance, and the men were, as usual, hospitably entertained on their way. It was said that the beverage was "Sling," whatever that may be ! Certainly it was strong, for on their arrival at the church the fife and drum not only played while the men were being seated, but continued in the most zealous manner. It required physical remonstrance to induce them to stop ; but after a time the efforts were suc-

cessful, and the regular services proceeded.

To go back to Thatcher Cobb's children; if we should consider the limitations which in every way belonged to a family of children brought up as these were, we should wonder that they lived—certainly it would be a case of the survival of the strongest. A delicate child could not have endured the cold, the lack of variety of food, the lack of warm clothing, and the many other things which are now regarded as necessities. In the matter of shoes they had a pair of brogans—a stout kind of shoe—a year, and those worn in the coldest weather, probably when they went to school. The little schoolhouse was a mile and a quarter away—a cold, bleak walk. I have heard my mother say that in the cold days of winter her father had a large sleigh, something like a long, large box, with straw on the bottom, which took all the children in the neighborhood to school. One of the children drove. When the schoolhouse was reached the sleigh was turned around and the great dog took the place of the driver—the lines in his mouth. The horse knew enough to turn into the yard when he reached home, but woe betide any one who interfered with the horse when the huge dog was the driver. Savage growls warned all people that this driver had the right of way, and other sleighs must turn out, or turn over, as the case might be, this driver did not care. Some thirty children went to school from this part of the town, so my grandfather was an important factor in having this school well attended. The children came home in the same way.

In 1840, Charles, then 20 years old, took an apprenticeship in the grocery business with a Mr. Clapp, who was

established in the Arcade Building. So much business ability did he show that when the apprenticeship was finished Mr. Clapp urged him to go to Boston, and finally secured a place for him. One Monday morning, with all his belongings packed in a little hair trunk—the trunk strapped on a hand sled—and with ten dollars, which he had borrowed, in his pocket, he set out to make his fortune. The boys helped him draw the sled as far as the tavern in Wessonville, where the stage could be taken for Boston. He succeeded wonderfully, but that was in the days when individuality told. We must remember that at that time Boston was a comparatively small city and that business methods were totally different from those of the present day.

In those days, however, his faithfulness, honesty and ability were soon recognized. He introduced many methods, which at that time were entirely new. He it was who first displayed his goods, with the price marked in plain figures, a custom now universally followed. He continued as clerk for eight years; all this time gaining in knowledge and experience, and making many friends in the business world. In 1848, he went into business for himself. He had established such a good reputation, and had such good credit, that he could buy at a great advantage, and consequently sell lower than many in the same business. Eventually his business increased to such an extent, that he had several stores, and can be said to have founded the largest grocery business that, at that time, had ever been carried on in Boston. I have been told that he was the first merchant, to import an entire cargo of tea. That was a great innovation! He took his brother into business, and under his guidance,

they became successful business men. He is a wonderful example of genuine business ability joined to persistent perseverance. Apparently, everything was against him—his poverty being the greatest of all obstacles, and he had no one to help him to a position, but the grocer to whom he had been apprenticed. He had everything to overcome, and succeeded, not only for himself, but for his family.

Charles lived at the homestead for 24 years. During that time, he put an addition on the house and connected the house and barn by a covered passage. This, with other improvements, made the house very comfortable, so that he had a convenient and pleasant home. He was married in 1863. The early years of his married life were spent there—this being the birthplace of his children. Later he lived, as many in the town remember, in the house now owned and occupied by A. L. Boynton.

After a most successful life, he died in 1883, being 63 years of age—a comparatively young man to have accomplished so much. He raised his family to a business position of note, and his parents had an old age of comfort and ease, in strong contrast to their early years of struggle and poverty. Their golden wedding was celebrated in 1870—their children presenting them with 50 dollars in gold. Mrs. Cobb was given a set of gold knitting needles—one of the most lovely presents that could have been selected.

The house was again changed by Henry Cobb, a brother of Charles, who owned and occupied it in summer, for some years. The house was enlarged, the barn was moved, and the house stands now, as he left it. The place is now owned by his heirs.

SARAH DAVIS SPURR.

September, 1908.

The Horace Maynard Birthplace.

In seeking for material for this sketch we find two papers read at a meeting of the Historical Society, January 23, 1895. They present the character of Mr. Maynard in the happiest light. We give the first in full.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HON. HORACE MAYNARD.

Of the millions of mankind born in to the world, how few succeed in leav-

ing any permanent trace in the record of their generation that they have ever lived. With many, this results from lack of opportunity; with others, from the fact that they in nowise surpass the average of the men of their time, hence their individuality is lost in the multitude of similar lives.

The subject of this sketch was one of the comparatively few, who, favored both by opportunity and by the posses-



HORACE MAYNARD'S BIRTHPLACE

sion of more than the average endowment of mental and moral qualities, have so impressed their personality on the world's affairs, that their names will be handed down as part of the history of the period during which they lived.

Horace Maynard was born in West-boro', August 30, 1814, the oldest child and only son of Ephraim and Diana Maynard. His ancestors on both sides were English. In early life he attended the district school, and a high school taught by Rev. Dr. Dana. Later, he was fitted for college at Milbury academy. One of the few remaining reminders of his childhood is a reward of merit adorned with a bird of wondrous plumage, given him for excellence in scholarship by Miss Susan Harrington, who taught in the little red schoolhouse of No. 7 district, and doubtless the work of her own fair hands.

In 1838, he was graduated from Amherst college, with the first honors of his class, and shortly afterward went to Knoxville, Tennessee, where he became first, tutor, and later on, professor of mathematics in the East Tennessee university. In 1840, he returned to New England for a brief visit, and married, August 30th, at Berlin, Vermont, Laura Ann Washburn, youngest daughter of Rev. Azel and Sarah Skinner Washburn, of Royalton, Vermont.

While engaged with his duties at the university, Mr. Maynard found time to study law, and in 1844, was admitted to the bar at Knoxville. He engaged in the practice of his profession until 1858, when he was elected to Congress from the Knoxville district, on the Whig ticket, and represented this district continuously in the lower house until 1873, with the exception of one

term during the War of the Rebellion, when Eastern Tennessee was held by the rebels. In 1873, he was elected a member of the house from the state-at-large, defeating Ex-President Andrew Johnson and General Cheatham, who were his Democratic competitors.

In 1875, he was appointed minister resident at Constantinople by President Grant, where he remained until recalled in 1880 to fill the position of postmaster-general in the cabinet of President Hayes.

In 1881, Mr. Maynard retired from the public service and spent the final year of his life, partly in the place of his birth, and partly at his home in Knoxville. He died, suddenly, of heart disease, at the latter place, May 3, 1882, a little less than 68 years old.

Such in briefest outline was the life of Horace Maynard. He was a man of commanding mental powers and of high intellectual development—Greek and Latin he read with ease and unaffected pleasure to the close of his life, and his mind was stored with the learning of the best English writers. To this mental equipment was added untiring industry and an unusual capacity for work. It is related of him that soon after his admission to Amherst college, he chalked a large "V" on the door of his room, indicative of his determination to become the valedictorian of his class.

In the early years of his legal practice, he was handicapped by poverty, the little that he had been able to save from his salary as professor having gone to repay money borrowed to meet the expense of his collegiate course at Amherst. The lawyers of Knoxville at that time attended the courts in all the neighboring counties, as they were held in turn, traveling from 20 to 50 miles to do so. Too poor to afford a

horse, Mr. Maynard performed these journeys on foot, until a rapidly growing practice enabled him to purchase a saddle-horse. On one of the earliest of these trips, perhaps the very first, he came upon a party of his mounted legal brethren of Knoxville on the bank of a large stream, which, being swollen by heavy rains, was impassable by fording, and there was no bridge. Taking in the situation, Mr. Maynard quickly undressed himself, put his clothes and papers in a bundle on his head, and swam across the stream. While dressing on the farther bank, he was asked by several of the detained lawyers to represent them in court, should their cases be called before they could reach the town in which the court was to sit, which he did, and this episode led to his recognition as a lawyer of more than ordinary ability and a man of pluck and endurance.

In the stormy times prior to, during, and subsequent to the civil war, Mr. Maynard served in the national house of representatives, and proved himself a statesman in the highest and best meaning of that much mis-applied word. His views of public policy were broad, embracing the whole country, and few men have had a higher conception of its honor, dignity, and future greatness. His integrity was absolute and well-known, and no one would have ventured to offer him a bribe.

Speaking of his diplomatic service as minister at Constantinople, it has been said by one well qualified to judge, "our country has never had a better representative in Europe." During his service of five years at the Porte he compelled the respect of the Turkish government for himself and for his country, and acquired the es-

teem and confidence of his colleagues, the representatives of other nations.

Mr. Maynard ever retained a fondness for his native town, and just before his death had planned improvements to his birthplace, the old house on the hill, with the intention of making it his summer residence. In honoring his memory on this occasion, Westboro' honors herself through one of her children.

WASHBURN MAYNARD,

Commander U. S. Navy.

Washington, D. C.,

August 24, 1894.

This loving tribute of a worthy son were sufficient in itself but we have at hand another presentation from one of his neighbors. We venture to add selections from it as of special interest,

EXTRACTS FROM PAPER BY CAPT.

WILLIAM RULE OF KNOXVILLE.

Horace Maynard came to Knoxville in 1838. In the days of his young manhood he was clothed with the garments of integrity which remained his sure protection and invincible strength throughout the nearly three score and ten years of his active and useful life.

In 1844, Mr. Maynard was licensed to practice law. The members of his profession and the public generally soon realized that he was endowed with extraordinary mental powers and was destined to become a master of his chosen profession. His literary attainments were far above the average. He was a close student, earnest, painstaking and zealous, and when he entered the court room to argue a case he always understood the facts of the case and the law applicable to the issues. He was a master of pure English, always chose without hesitation the right words to express his meaning with clearness and vigor, and his

influence over a jury was something remarkable. His voice was musical, his diction charming and his powers of persuasion sometimes well nigh irresistible. His convictions were always based upon reason. In the joint discussions in those days, he kept cool, never lost his balance and was consequently a match for any.

His first service in political life was as an elector on the Whig ticket in 1852, Mr. Maynard's speeches attracting much attention. In 1856, he was again urged by the American party to serve on the presidential electoral ticket of that party for the state at large. His fame as a public speaker which previous to that time had been local, was extended over the state and everywhere the people flocked to hear him in large numbers. As a debater and as an orator he was the peer of the ablest men.

In 1857 there were thousands of voters who would not vote the democratic ticket [for congress]. Those in his district united upon Mr. Maynard and he was elected. In 1859 he was re-elected and again in 1861. The latter election was peculiar. The war of the rebellion had begun, A large number of rebel soldiers were quartered in the district that had elected Mr. Maynard and it was dangerous to openly and publicly proclaim sympathy for the Union. On the day of the election he was in Campbell county, bordering on Kentucky, and immediately afterward he crossed the state line and proceeded to Washington. Every measure, looking to the suppression of the rebellion and maintenance of the Union, received his earnest and vigorous support. Before the war closed, as the records show, more than thirty thousand men from Tennessee had joined the Union army. One of these was

Edward Maynard, a son of Mr. Maynard, a most gallant and efficient officer.

In 1863 Mr. Maynard was appointed attorney general for the state. In 1864 he was chosen elector for the state at large on the Republican electoral ticket. In August, 1865, he was elected again to the national congress and continued a member until March, 1875, making fourteen years service in that body. He served on the ways and means committee and was an active and influential member. Later he served as chairman of the house committee on banking and currency and some of the most important legislation of the session originated with his committee.

At the close of his long and honorable congressional career he had established a national reputation as a statesman of superior ability, as an orator, and as a man of spotless integrity.

As the representative of his government at the Turkish capital he was the same dignified, thoughtful, patriotic American that he had been throughout his previous life. Among other things he manifested a lively interest in American and other missionaries in that and surrounding countries. He visited Beirut, Damascus, and points in Persia, and was received with marked ceremony.

Writing of his reception at Lebanon Rev. Gerald F. Dale said:

"The next day was Sabbath, and it was grand to find what an impression was being made upon the people. It was a new thing for them to see one high in authority who would not travel on the Sabbath and who refused to receive the complimentary visits of officials and great men who cared nothing for the Lord's day. A lieutenant and a general accompanied Mr.

Maynard to the Mission Church which was crowded, while an American Ambassador sat down at the communion table with the members of the Zaleh church to commemorate the Saviour's dying love. Mr. Maynard made no address in our field but his noble example has done more than a hundred sermons could have done to call to the minds of the people the importance and duty of observing the Sabbath."

He retired from official life with clean hands. He honored his own name; the name of his native and his adopted state and the country he served so faithfully and so well.

Among the very last of his distinguished public efforts was the delivering of a eulogy upon the life and character of Admiral Farragut; scholarly, and a valuable contribution to American history.

The last year of his life was spent at his home in Knoxville. His seat was rarely vacant at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting of his church, which service he often led. His brief lectures on these occasions were gems. The public life of Horace Maynard embraced a period of thirty years. He made for himself an enviable national reputation. He was a scholar, an orator, a statesman of superior ability; a patriot without a blemish, and a citizen, the purity of whose life is worthy of emulation.

Everything pertaining to the early life of such a man as Mr. Maynard was is of interest. We are glad to have his birthplace among the landmarks of our town. It cannot fail to be of service in recalling his worth.

Its conspicuous position on the hill where it stands open to the view from every direction is most marked, while the outlook from it to the outlying

hills miles away on every side is a broad and commanding one. This could not fail to have had its influence on the thoughtful lad whose eyes daily beheld it. No wonder that in Mr. Maynard's last years he turned from the many features of the town's activities and found in his solitary walks through the fields that which satisfied his fondest longings as nothing else could do.

The site of the house was included in the 80 acres that David Maynard sold in 1777 to Isaac Parker, whose son Otis sold 40 acres of it with the buildings, in 1803, to William Beaton, blacksmith. The latter was the son of the John Beaton who bought through Stephen Maynard the ministerial homestead of Mr. Parkman. William Beaton married Relief Maynard, the daughter of Amasa Maynard, whose home was the present Wayside cottage. He was the father of Jane S. Beaton, the former town librarian. After selling three acres to his neighbor, Eli Whitney, in 1803, and 16 acres and 20 rods to another neighbor, Naum Fisher, in 1811, he sold the remainder, some 20 acres with buildings, in 1813, to Ebenezer and Ephraim Maynard.

Their father was Jonathan Maynard, whose grave with that of his wife, Zipporah Bruce, is marked by a stone in the southwest part of Memorial cemetery. Tradition says that he was a musician in the Revolution. He was the fifth of a family of 16 children, the son of Ebenezer Maynard and his first wife Amee Ann Dodge.

The brothers Ebenezer and Ephraim were married the same year, 1814—the former to Hannah Gale of Roxbury, and the latter to Diana Harriet Cogswell of Concord. They are thought to have moved into the house soon after their marriages. Ebenezer had the

west side and Ephraim the east side. They were wheelwrights and their shop stood on the east corner of the house lot, close to the road. Its door-stone is still in sight there. They seem to have lived and worked together on the friendliest terms. Each had his own rights in the estate with certain privileges in common. A grandson of Ebenezer well remembers how he was called on occasions to exercise his father's right in turning the grindstone which was held in common.

The house is somewhat different in construction from those of the time. The front door opens into a small square entry with double cupboards set into the back wall. On either side is a large low-studded room with cupboards in the walls and with corner posts. Back of these rooms are two very narrow stairways, one on each side of the house and a narrow passage way between the stairs, and the three rooms on the back of the house. In the second story there are corresponding rooms with one additional over the front entry. On each side of the house was a door that opened into the passage at the foot of each stairway.

The large central chimney rests on an earth foundation walled in with stone on its four sides in the cellar. It has two fireplaces in each story.

The ell on the east side, as probably that on the west side before it was torn down in 1906, contains the kitchen with its fireplace and a pantry out of it with a set boiler.

The hip roof left no space that could be utilized as a garret but it gives a

distinctive character to the outside appearance.

Ebenezer Maynard's daughter, Mary Bruce, married Hannibal S. Aldrich. He built the barn some distance to the east of the house in 1851 and also a shoe shop near the wheelwright shop. He was town clerk at the time of his death. One of their sons is our well known citizen William M. Aldrich. The widow, Mary, held possession of the west part of the house till she sold it to her cousin Horace Maynard.

We next find the house occupied by Darius Warren whose wife was Diana Cogswell Maynard, daughter of Ephraim. They had the whole house, for in 1879 Horace Maynard bought out the other heirs and became sole owner of the estate. At his death the title passed to his eldest son, Washburn Maynard, who now owns it.

It will be of interest to note here that there lived with the Warrens in her last years, Mrs. Eunice (Cogswell) McCary, a sister of Ephraim Maynard's wife. She had been in early life a school teacher in Boston and in Providence, and afterwards in the south, where she married Benjamin McCary of South Carolina. He died in 1858. She had a most eventful experience. While teaching in Tennessee at the breaking out of the war, she met with several narrow escapes and had to flee north for her life. Dr. C. H. Reed remembers her as a woman of fine ability and remarkable energy of character. She died here Dec. 30, 1894, at the age of 96 years, 8 months.

S. I. B.

The Morse Homestead.

The Morse plantation, as it was called, was situated on the south side of the Sudbury river in the town of Hopkinton, but the families went to church and had their babies baptized in either Hopkinton or Westborough as it suited their convenience.

In 1734, Benj. Burnap deeded to Jonathan Burnap, Hopkinton, 80 acres of land in Hopkinton and Westborough.

In 1744, Jonathan Burnap deeded 86 acres, with dwelling house and barn, to Seth Morse of Sherborn.

Here Seth Morse and his wife Abigail Battles came to live. Nothing remains of their furnishing but a few scraps of her wedding blankets, spun and woven by herself, and Seth's bullet mould.

In looking over the vital statistics of Holliston a few weeks ago, I came across the following among the deaths. "Joseph Morse, Hon. One of the First Proprietors and Incorporators of the Town of Sherborn. Educated in the principles of his Puritan Ancestors. Feb. 19, 1717-18."

He is spoken of as a nephew of Col. Morse, of Cromwell's army. He was the grandfather of Seth Morse, and himself the grandson of Samuel Morse who came to America about 1635.

When the news came of the attack on Medfield by Philip and five hundred Indians, Capt. Joseph Morse collected the Sherborn men and led them to Med-

field, thereby saving the inhabitants still alive or uncaptured. When he returned after the battle, he found his wife with their tiny baby dead upon her arm. His wife was Mehitable Wood, the first white child born in a territory comprising two entire townships and large portions of five others. This was the grandmother of Seth, for Joseph was married three times.

Their son Joseph married Prudence Adams, of the family which gave two presidents to the United States. Her grandfather, Capt. Henry Adams, and his wife, Elizabeth, were killed in the Indian raid on Medfield. About her mother we know only what is summed up in two words, but those two words are more than any town clerk since has thought to put after the name of any of her descendants. For after her death the record is this:—"the excellent." That sums up all the virtues of a good wife, mother and neighbor.

Seth Morse, the son of Joseph and Prudence Adams Morse, was born in Sherborn, Sept. 12, 1708, and married, Oct. 5, 1732, Abigail Battles of Dedham and they were the first Morses in Hopkinton. The original house was the west end, their son, Barachias, built the middle section, his son, Joseph, the east end, and the long ell towards Saddle Hill was added by the fourth generation, Willard. Mr. Miles F. Morse has given the following de-



THE MORSE HOMESTEAD

scription of the interior. "The house had hand-hewn timbers, posts and stringers, and the nails of the old part were hand-made. More or less rough at the outset, it was gradually improved by each succeeding generation. yet the old fireplaces, brick ovens and, under the first part, the old scooped-out cellar, without walls, remained till the end. The rooms were large and very spacious and there were left two very narrow stairways in the first part." This house stood until Mr. Winslow Clark tore it down and built the present house on its site. A long lane led up to it from the main road.

The first son of Seth and Abigail was Barachias, born Nov. 19, 1733, and was undoubtedly considered by his mother a wonderful baby, for certainly he was taken back to her Dedham home to be christened, and she let her fancy have full sway and gave him a name never before and never since found in the Morse family. There being no novels in those days, she took it from the Bible, and the name Barachias means "one who bows before God." Barachias himself must have hated it for it was never given to any of his children. And then came little Seth, Joseph, James, and Thomas, Abigail, Catherine and Jacob. The Morse motto is interpreted in "In God not arms we trust", but the war-like spirit which they had inherited from their ancestors sprang to life when the Revolution came. Barachias, who now lived in the house as head, and who built the middle portion, brought out the old bullet mould of his father, Seth, and in the kitchen were moulded not only bullets, but buttons of two sizes for the Continental uniforms. That mould is now owned by Mr. Miles F. Morse, although both the Ancient and

Honorable Artillery and the Smithsonian Institute have tried to obtain it. Barachias was also on the Committee of Safety for the town of Hopkinton. His brother Seth was the captain of the Westborough minute men and led them to Lexington in time to meet the British on their retreat from Concord. He was also at the battle of Bunker Hill. Seth lived in the place on South street now owned by Mr. Heywood and is buried in Midland cemetery. The low-boy in my possession belonged to him. Joseph was shot through the heart at the battle of Saratoga. James was captain in the expedition against Shay. Thomas died unmarried at Hopkinton. None of them were famous, but true to those old-fashioned virtues: love of God, country and neighbor.

Barachias, as I have said, had the homestead, and married Zerviah, Soviah or Sophia Chadwick, (you can spell her name as you choose as did her husband and children). The old house was full to overflowing with twelve sturdy girls and boys. But there was always room for one more. One night a sick woman with a little child walked into the Morse kitchen, for the doors were never fastened even at night. She was cared for, and just before she died told her story. She was of the proud Crowninshield family of Salem but had married against her parents' wishes and been cast out by them. She was alone in the world with this little girl and was trying to get home to die. After her death the Morses tried to get the Crowninshields to do something for the child, but they refused. So Barachias buried the mother and little Millie Morse, as she was called, found a home with him until her marriage to a Mr. Dole, when she moved to Maine.

As Barachias' sons grew up he gave them land, and homes were built, so that the district became veritably the Morse Plantation. His son, Moses, lived in the brick house, which until a few years ago stood near the Rocklawn Mills. Afterwards it was the Hopkinton Poor Farm. One hundred years ago, a beautiful tree and watering-place in front of it were famous. For it was along this road the coaches passed with their gay guests and darky servants bound for Hopkinton Springs. Mr. Willard and Mr. Gilman Morse while excavating in front of this house, dug up the skeleton of an Indian with his stone mortar and pestle and brass kettle. They buried the skeleton just over the wall. There was a cave up in the wild forest timber near Rocklawn where many Indian relics were found.

At the foot of the lane leading to Barachias' house stood and still stand two houses, one on either side. That towards Rocklawn was the home of his tenth child, Elisha, that on the other corner was known as the Graves house where the hired men lived.

Thomas lived in the place still known as the Deacon Morse place, later occupied by Mr. Foss, the grandfather of Mr. William Miller. Thomas was the ancestor of Mrs. Warren Jackson and Mr. Gilman Morse and Mr. Thomas Morse. Seth and James moved to South Paris, Maine. Seth was a soldier in the Revolution. Having no children of his own, and as his brother Elisha was blessed with five sons, Seth wrote up, offering to take one, bring him up as his own, and make him his heir. Elisha, his father's namesake, was the chosen one. His widow is still living in the old homestead there, and every summer her children and grandchildren gather there

from their western homes. It is an ideal house, filled with antique furniture and china, and kept in the old-fashioned way,—plenty, but no waste. Samuel injured his back when eighteen and as my grandmother used to say, "never did a day's work after." His father, Barachias, in his will, gave part of the first part of the house to "Uncle Sam," and it was occupied by him until his death in 1847. Invalids were rare in those days, and "Uncle Sam" was looked upon with awe by his nephews and nieces. He was an "old bach," and spent his time driving about in the chaise as "It is my Desire that he shall have the Privilege of Using the horse wich I have Bequeathed to his mother, he providing half the Ceaping and Shewing of said Horse." (The spelling is Barachias' and not mine.) A cousin of my mother's told me lately that when he was a child it was "a red letter day" with him, when invited to drive with "Uncle Sam." Over his bed he had an arrangement of pulleys by which he raised and lowered himself. He outlived his mother and brother Joseph and was cared for the last part of his time by his nephew, Willard, and his wife. In 1847, he was laid to rest in the "Morse Row" in Woodville cemetery. Under the group of pine trees at the end of the cemetery they all lie.

Owing to Samuel's invalidism his brother Joseph was to carry on the farm for his mother and Samuel.

Barachias died in 1805 and a copy of his will and the letter announcing his death to his son Seth in Maine were found a few years ago while making some repairs in Seth's house in South Paris. They had lain hidden for fifty years in a recess of the chimney. This son Joseph writes of "the mournful and solemn scene which hath taken

place by the Death of our Father who departed this life in a very sudden and unexpected manner on Friday morning last while all the Family were retired to rest, even while our Mother was sleeping in the same Bed and first discovered by Brother Samuel who went to the bed and shook him, but, alas! found him lifeless." In his will he leaves his widow part of the house with "the privilege of passing and Repassing up and Down the front Stares to the Chamber and Garit as she may have Ocasion and to my well for water." Also the "Following Creters which I give & Bequeeth to my said wife viz.: my Best Horse, side Sadell and Bridell, two Cowes, Two Shepe and one Hogg——Key & Indian Meel and Flower and Beefe & Fresh meate as she shall need with all sorts of Sace &c——while she Remain My widdow." Whether the above spelling was Barachias' or Dr. Hawes' I cannot say, as the latter is one of the witnesses and was accustomed to drawing wills. Sophia died his "widdow", according to the old Bible, in 1809, but on the tombstone it is given as 1811.

The Morse homestead was made lively by "Uncle Jo's" girls of which there were five, and their only brother Willard Morse. He had not only his sisters to escort, but his cousin, Patty, my grandmother, who was near his age, and lived in her father Elisha's house, at the foot of the lane. Grandmother used to tell me how she would go up to "Uncle Jo's" to help her cousins dress for a party. She would pull at their "stay strings" and when they could be drawn no tighter, the tied ends were thrown over the bedpost and the wearer pulled more. The only son, Willard, inherited the homestead from his father, and the care of

"Uncle Sam." In 1831 Samuel deeded to Willard F. Morse 150 acres with buildings.

The Morse homestead passed into stranger hands in 1866, and after various changes, became the property of Mr. Winslow Clark, in 1892. In 1902, it was deeded to Arthur Perrin of Brookline, who still owns it.

I am indebted to Mr. Miles F. Morse for some of the facts in regard to the old house, as it was his home when a child. Also in regard to "Uncle Moses'" place.

Elisha Morse, the tenth child of Barachias, as I said before, was given the farm at the foot of the lane, with an old house upon it. All his children were born in it but my grandmother, the present house being finished just before her birth in 1812. The barn was built by Elisha and was the first anywhere about, to have a barn cellar. His wife was Patty Howe, daughter of Phineas of Hopkinton, and a descendant of David Howe, who built the famous "Wayside Inn" at Sudbury. When Elisha Morse asked Phineas Howe for the hand of his daughter, he told Elisha that he would give his daughter no money dowry, but that she herself in her character was worthy to be a queen. They were called the "handsomest couple that ever walked bride in Hopkinton."

When Phineas Howe died, my great-grandmother bought from her share of the estate of her father, a Bible, but her sisters invested their portions in gold beads. In this Bible, which has descended to me, she entered all the births of her children, five boys and two girls. In the cupboard over the fireplace in the kitchen can still be seen the place cut out of the shelf to slip this Bible in. A tenant told me she had always wondered why that

piece was gone until my grandmother told her. Of the children of Elisha and Patty Morse, Elisha, as I said before, was adopted by his Uncle Seth in Maine. Samuel lived in the ell of his father's house and after the death of his parents inherited the place. Phineas moved to South Paris, Maine and Winthrop and Appleton both went to college and became ministers. Susanna was engaged to be married to Joshua Mellen, and the house known as the Tidd place, opposite the old Fitch farm in Piccadilly, was built for them. But he suddenly died and she married Mr. Barnard of Harvard. She was the grandmother of Mrs. Joshua Beeman. Patty, as her mother put it in the Bible, Martha as she was known later, married Lyman Belknap of Westborough.

It was to this house that Samuel the eldest son was brought home wounded in the war of 1812. He was shot in the shoulder and they brought him home in a wagon the thirty miles before extracting the bullet. That was before the days of springs or ether. Adoniram Judson came home with one of the college boys one vacation, and Mrs. Morse made him some shirts of which he was sadly in need. At this house the women met also to make garments for Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, to carry to the little heathen. Mrs. Chamberlain said afterward that they would never have been allowed to land except for those clothes. They showed their own children clothed, and then holding up the dresses made in the old house in Hopkinton, made the natives understand they were for their children. Here little Brigham Young used to come with his mother, Nabby Howe, the sister of Mrs. Morse, and play with Patty. Years after when he "turned

Mormon," he tried to persuade his cousin and her husband, Lyman Belknap, to go with him. A short time before his death, Henry Morse was in Salt Lake City and out of pure mischief called upon his father's cousin. The first person Brigham Young inquired for was my grandmother Belknap, his old playmate. He sent her his picture which she burned. At this house Ruth Buck came to make the boys' clothes and Patty was so afraid to sleep alone that she willingly ran the risk of being bewitched by her bed fellow. But grandmother said though she watched closely, Ruth never removed her turban either night or day in her presence. Patty was dying of curiosity to see for herself whether Ruth's ear-tips were gone, cut off, as tradition said, when she was a pig.

Elisha Morse died in 1827 and his wife in 1836. One of their sons has entered after their death in the Bible, "The memory of the just is blessed. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints"

I have in my possession a paper drawn up and signed by Patty Morse's brother agreeing to pay her twenty-five dollars "as our late father made no provision for her definitely in his will in case she should change her situation in life and considering our dear mother cannot furnish her with a dowry without serious injury to herself, etc." At the bottom of this paper my grandmother herself has written "At the death of my mother, Patty Morse, I received \$3.50 in 1837," which shows that good men in those days did not hesitate to get the better of a woman in money matters.

Samuel Morse inherited the farm. In his spare time he went about distributing tracts (many of which he wrote himself,) and preaching tem-

perance. He wrote a letter to his sister, now Patty Morse Belknap, dated "Hopkinton, May Day on the Old farm 1854" in which he says "I was in the High School in Marlboro last week and every one pledged. I have obtained 1400 pledges since I commenced my mission, visited about 2400 families, distributed 2200 tracts and by the tracts, exhortations and prayers more than 13,000 souls have been reached directly. O, my sister pray for me." And he was no ordained clergyman, only a farmer. He was the grandfather of Mrs. Charles M. Bruce of Blake street. The little cottage opposite the Elisha Morse place was built by her father, Mr. Davis, and her mother was "Cousin Katie Morse," as she will always be remembered by those that knew and loved her, outside her im-

mediate family. After the death of Samuel Morse the place also went out of the family. Grandmother refused to go to the auction of the furniture it made her feel so badly but grandfather Belknap went and paid a dollar for the tall clock which had always stood in the bed-room and in front of which he was married to his wife with his cousin, Willard Morse as best man. I have it now but the wooden works were lost long before the auction. If you should drive past the Elisha Morse place just look at the wooden rooster weather-vane. The tail was knocked off by my father when he and a small cousin were trying to see how near a stone could go without hitting it. Not until years after did they admit their guilt.

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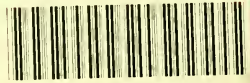
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